



ICD

# SLICK

DECEMBER

25¢

The Magazine that Keeps America Laughing

## WINCHELL'S FEUD WITH JFK

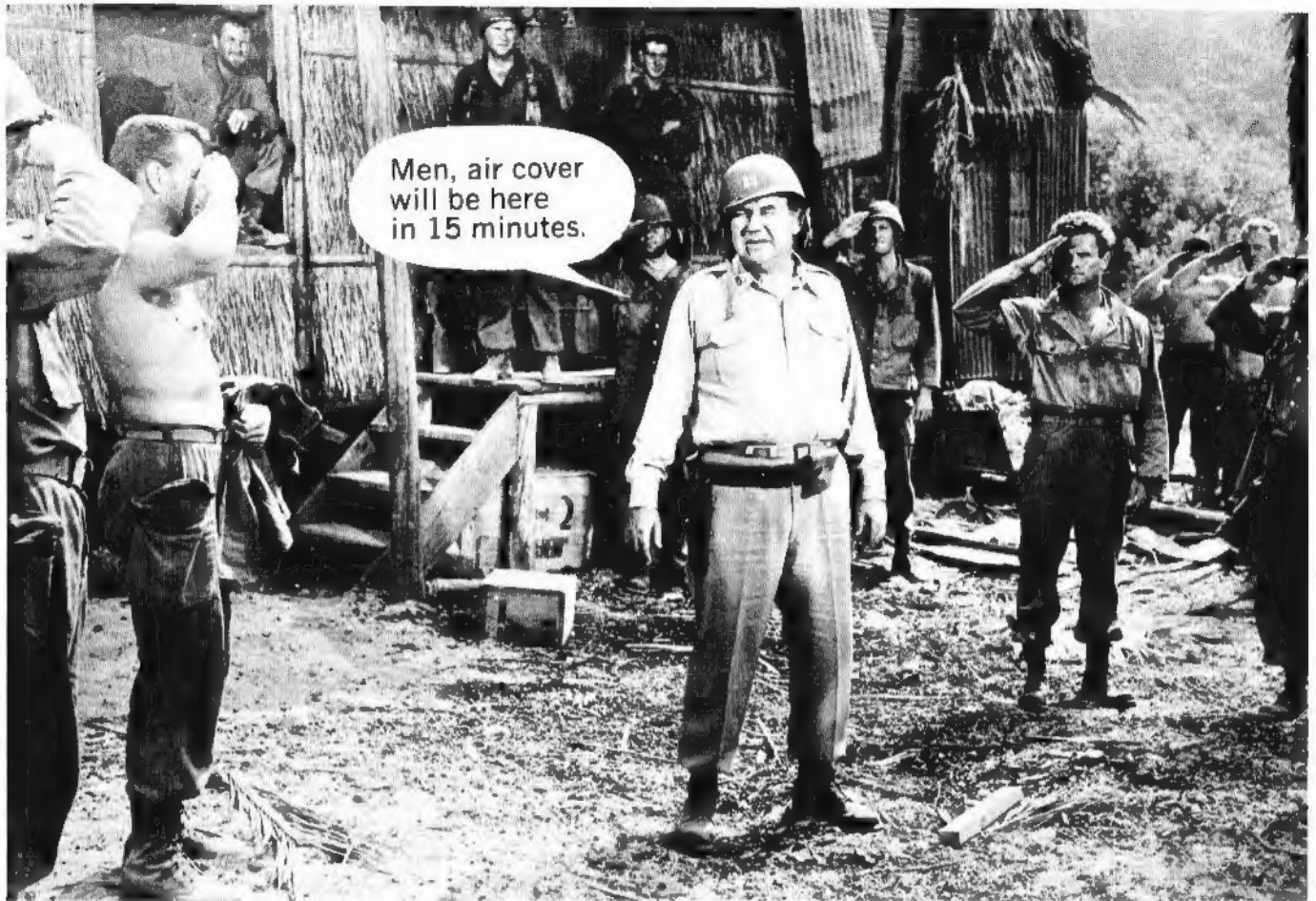
It's a  
Walter Winchell  
doll...You wind it up  
and it wants to run  
the country!





# Great Moments in Military History

1



2



Do you recall or remember at all? That wonderful, WONDERFUL Year?



# SICK

Volume 3 - Number 3 December, 1962

## GARRY MOORE'S YEAR

## FEATURES . . .

### KHRUSHCHEV COLORING BOOK . . .

You too can be an artist. You may not be able to draw like Norman Rockwell, but you can learn to draw Norman Rockwell . . . 31

### WINCHELL INTERVIEWS JFK . . .

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### MOVIE REVIEW . . .

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### TV DEPT. . .

"The Rebel" . . . A different kind of Western series . . . Filmed entirely in the Bronx, N. Y. Did you know "Naked City" is filmed in Phoenix, Arizona? In a nudist colony? Nick Adams, "Rebel" star, has two expressions . . . on his horse and off his horse . . . 45

### SICK, SICK WORLD . . .

John Edgar Hoover is making an investigation of the top Washington brass close to the President to find out—Who is the Yale Man? . . . 28

### SICKNIFICANT NEWS . . .

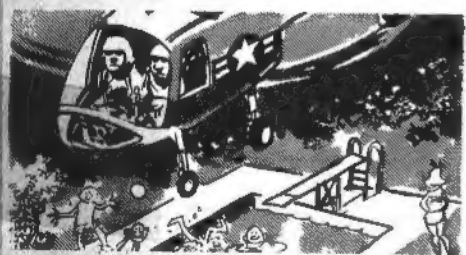
This is fast becoming the most popular department in the magazine. We stopped reading the letters we get attacking it . . . New York City copied St. Louis and now has a petticoat patrol of cops in women's clothing. If a guy puts on a dress in New York today, he'll be arrested for impersonating a police officer . . . 8



## MARTIN AND ROWAN'S BEST



## KHRUSHCHEV COLORING BOOK



## THE BOB KENNEDYS AT HOME

JOE SIMON  
Editor

DEE CARUSO  
and  
BILL LEVINE  
Feature Editors  
and writers

JOE GENALO  
Production

BOB POWELL  
Art Director

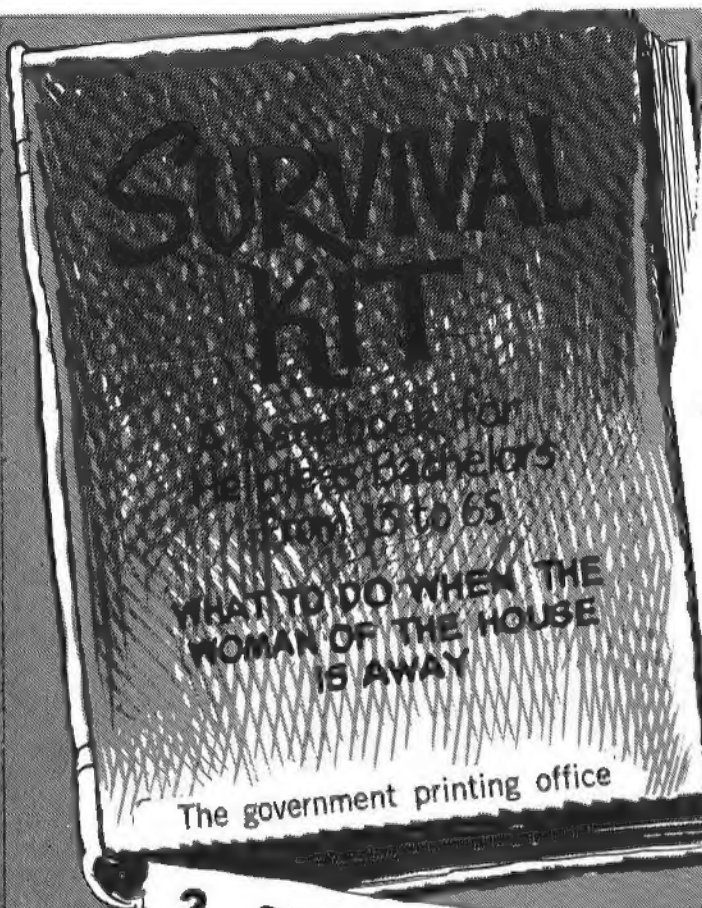
BILL MAJESKI  
and  
BILL DIXON  
Contributing writers

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**T**he Government Printing office has many interesting books for everyday living. Such as: "THE SOCIAL ROLE OF THE WILD UNGULATE," it tells what made the Ungulate wild; "STEREOTACTIC ATLAS OF THE BEAGLE BRAIN," if you want to read about your

friends; and other studies by the National Institutes of Health, such as: "INDIAN CASTE COHESIVENESS," the story of Johnson and Johnson band-aids; "STUDIES IN SILENT THINKING," a study of our secret service agencies; "BEHAVIORAL AND PSYCHOLOGICAL CONCOMITANTS OF DREAMING," here's a

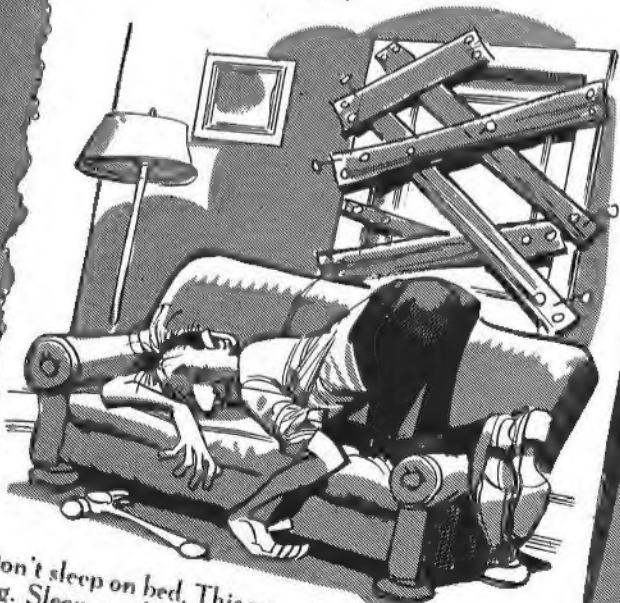


### 1 EATING

A. Eat out. Food doesn't come in cans any more. It comes in cold, oblong packages—all frozen. Each package requires various lengths of time to defrost. Therefore, the preparation of a modern meal defies all logic. That's why it's so easy for women.

B. If you must eat at home — don't light stove. You'll blow up the house.

### 2 SLEEPING



Don't sleep on bed. This means making it in the morning. Sleep on the couch in the living room. Stay out of the bedroom as much as possible. In fact, if you board up the bedroom altogether, when your mother returns, it will be exactly as she left it once you pry the boards off the door.

### 3 DIRTY CLOTHES



A. Burn them. Start little fire in backyard for this purpose.

B. Dirty dishes may be disposed of in a like manner.

pamphlet which will put you to sleep; "THE ONTOGENY OF ENGLISH PHRASE STRUCTURE," we didn't know they were even married; and "BLOOD GROUP GENETICS OF SOUTHAMPTON ISLAND ESKIMOS," an interesting study of people who live only a stone's throw from the U.S. mainland. We know they're that

close because lately, they've been throwing stones.

It's comforting to know our Government agencies are concerning themselves with vital issues of the day rather than wasting their time on things like space travel and world poverty.

#### 4 DIRTY HOUSE



At all costs, don't try to clean house. It is too big a job and will sap all your energies. True, house will need cleaning if you let it get dirty (see Step 5)

#### 5 Don't Let House Get Dirty



#### 6 IDLE TIME

A. Spend it all in neighborhood movie theaters. Sure, you planned to spend this time alone at night doing all the things you always wanted to do when your mother went away. But you'll only spend two hours each night trying to think of all the things you always wanted to do when your mother went away and end up going to a neighborhood movie theater. This method saves you two hours a night.



B. Watch TV.  
Don't try to change the channel or adjust the set. These sets were engineered with the assumption that there would be a woman in every house to adjust them. TV sets are manufactured by the same people who developed frozen foods (step 1A).

#### 7 MORALE Keep it up



A. Don't call the number your mother left. This is a bland admission of your dependency on a female, something man has attempted to disprove down through the ages.  
B. If you do have a problem not covered in this handbook, call your best friend. I'm certain that he can solve your problem. He can ask his mother.



# Sickcerely yours

Dear ED:

I enjoy your magazine very much and I think it's almost as funny as other children's magazines like Playboy and Ladies' Home Journal (*You read those too?*). But one thing bugs me, in your August issue you gave us all your excuses for being a lousy magazine.

C. Annmentano  
P.O. Box 166  
Stafford Springs, Conn.

ED: What do you expect us to do — brag about it?

Dear SICK:

I have read your magazine a couple of times and I would say if we are able to look at the overall picture, that is to say, in regard to what I am about to say, which, of course, I haven't to any degree, as yet studied, or thought upon, I would say in all probability, emphatically, it's the best damn satire magazine I ever read. I think you should make the paper thinner and thinner and make more and more books.

Eric Humphreys  
1740 Marengo Street  
New Orleans, La.

ED: We lost you after "Dear SICK."

Dear EDITORS:

I think you are out of your mind to print such a horrid magazine. Three cheers for David Reynolds. How dare you call his sister an idiot (*ED: You know his sister?*). Whoever signed "J.F.K." was certainly right. You should consider the feelings of the President. (*ED: That was JFK who signed JFK*). Don't you dare call me an idiot!

M.C.P.  
Farmington, N.M.

ED: Idiot! Idiot! Idiot! Idiot!

Dear Dumb Nuts of SICK:

I really think you are pretty snooty and nasty. I think a few of your comics are funny, but I mean a few. I agree with David Reynolds in the September issue (*ED: Maybe he should put out a magazine*). My girl friend and I bought the September issue of SICK to read when she spent the night with me. I wish I had my money back (*ED: Too late*). The other letter in this envelope is from the girl who spent the night with me. If you publish one, please publish the other (*ED: Why? Is it a set?*). If the letter from the President is real, you should be jailed for that answer (*ED: Remember, he's your President too*). I don't care if you call me an idiot or anything like that because you deserve this letter.

S.G.  
Farmington, N.M.

ED: Idiot.

Dearest SICK:

I have become a recent reader of your magazine. I like it very much. I have just finished reading your August edition. I was simply surprised at some of the letters the people wrote and especially the awful remarks they stated about the magazine itself. I enjoy reading the editors' comments and I hope it got some of those fools told off. If people think the magazine is not humorous, they shouldn't buy it.

I understand more of the things in your magazine than MAD, that's why I like yours better, even though you do get the paper left over from them. There's one thing I didn't approve of. It's the letter you received from Mike Howard, 3316 Mobile,

You'd better explain  
that crack



Montgomery, Alabama about the colored picture of Tarzan. Was Ed's remark: "We don't think there is a colored Tarzan," supposed to be funny or rude?

Miss Wanda C. Patrick  
c/o Maj. Harold Neal  
4th Log Comd., G-4  
Paris, France

ED: If you didn't find it funny — then it was rude.

Dear Imitators:

Around our house we use your stinking, rotten, lousy, screwy, cracked magazine as a fly swatter and as a club. Your screwy magazine doesn't even make a good fly swatter.

Christopher Dean  
7520 Laurier Drive  
Edmonton, Alberta,  
Canada

ED: You should see what we use it for.

My Dear SICKcycles:

I think that your magazine is nothing but trash. I am going to buy three more issues of this SICK book to see if you print this. That's not only my opinion, you should hear the rest of my family.

A Fan  
Boston, Mass.

ED: We don't like you, so don't wish the rest of the family on us.

Dear SICK,

How about the story on page 19 of September SICK about sending or using bus drivers, and Lawrence Welk, his band and his audience and friends for scientific experiments.

I like Lawrence Welk, his music, and his band. He was a young farm boy when he learned how to play the accordion. Lawrence played in a band which played for dances in a pavilion not too far from my farm. Lawrence Welk is one of the many famous people that have come from my great state of North Dakota.

I really get a kick out of your magazine though. I like the way you put the current news in comic form.

How about sending me a copy of the issue if you print this letter. Joe's Drug Store doesn't always get your magazine.

Dale C. Niewoehner  
Rural Route, Number 1  
Upham, North Dakota

ED: We'll send an issue to Joe's drug store.

Dear SICK Editors:

The first line of the masthead of your Table of Contents read: "SICK is published monthly except January, April, July and October . . ." Now, why is it that if SICK isn't printed in October, the issue I was

reading was the October issue? (*ED: You tell us, Smart guy.*) This is an excellent sales gimmick. Now, everyone will request the back issue to observe your goof whilst you rake in the dough.

Tim Condit  
RD #1, Marietta  
Amber, New York

ED: You don't miss a thing do you?

Dear SICK:

You are the crummiest, dirtiest, cheapest rag that was ever published.

Paul & Dave  
Bergenfield, N.J.

ED: Sticks and stones will break our bones but names — get down they're throwing sticks and stones!

Dear SICK:

I have just finished reading your October issue of SICK, and I would like to say that it is great—I'd like to, but I can't. Seriously tho, I think that you guys have a real cool magazine on your hands. The letters this issue were, simply out-of-this-world...one of the funniest parts of the mag. The best article was the 'Editorial Conference,' very good spoof on your competitor.

You are NOT an imitation as many people seem to claim...the idea of humor(?) magazine was copied, but that's as far as it



went...you are both completely different. If some one wants to complain about a mag copying Mad, then let them write to Cracked or Help!...yours is a unique type of humor which is very entertaining, to say the least.

Another very good article this issue was 'Call Me Herman'...very well put together. 'Advise & Consent' and 'Ben Casey' were also good...this MUST have been your best ever.

I dare you NOT to print this letter... and if you don't, you'd better start looking for a bomb planted in your office.

A real SICKnik,  
Allan Kimball  
Burlington, Vermont

**ED: You know how many letters we're going to receive on this?**

**SICK SIRS:**

I am very much disturbed over your reference to Brookline, Mass. I quote from October issue, page 24: "Stalin now lives on a chicken farm in Brookline, Mass." There are no chicken farms in Brookline. It is a city of 120,000 people. Otherwise, your magazine is quite SICK. Keep up the good work.

F. Waller  
Cambridge, Mass.

**ED: We know there are no chicken farms in Brookline, fella. But Stalin doesn't.**

**Dear SICK:**

I just bought SICK Magazine for the first time and I think (I know) it's the greatest.



For the "Place the Face" contest, my answer is Frank Sinatra.

Henry Montalvo  
3509 N. Reta Avenue  
Chicago, Ill.

**ED: You've got one, Henry. Now all you have to do is guess the other 28.**

**Dear SICK:**

The October issue is the sixth SICK I've read and this is just to say it's improving.

Kirk Hunter  
712 S. Pearl Street  
Denver, Colorado

**ED: You should have seen the first five issues.**

**Dear SICK:**

I've been reading your magazine for a year now. I must say it's one of the funniest magazines I've ever read.

Steve Hasty  
706 McKoy Street  
Decatur, Ga

**ED: You don't read too much—right?**

**Dear SICK:**

I think the letters you put in your magazine are written by your staff. Print this letter in your next issue and prove I'm wrong.

Steve Knisely  
Fallbrook, California

**ED: No.**

Gentlemen:

This letter isn't going to tell you how lousy your publication is. Instead, I want to compliment you on being broad-minded enough to print that "open letter" in your August issue. I am on the staff of a mimeographed, neighborhood newspaper called the Summer Press. The name changes according to the season. (ED: In Winter they call it the Summer News?) I've been after our editor to "cut ourselves low" once in awhile. I sincerely admire you for being such an open-minded magazine.

Barry Stevens  
1680 Grandridge Avenue  
Monterey Park, Calif.

**ED: We know our editor is open-minded. He's got a hole in his head.**

**Dear SICK:**

Why is your magazine so crummy? (ED: We don't know it, just comes out that way) If you would not print so many bad pictures, it would be a pretty good magazine. And another thing, can't you print anything funny in them?

Mark A. Shaw  
201 E. Perrodin  
Rayne, Louisiana

**ED: If we started printing funny things, we would stop getting letters from people like you.**

**Dear SICK, SICK, SICK Editors:**

I bought one of your so-called magazines (ED: Here's another praise letter). It is a piece of junk. Why don't you change the name to JUNK? (ED: We thought of that, but there is already a magazine named JUNK. Sanitation department puts it out) I also hate your sorry comments.

Brains McDoogie  
(He must have written the letter.)  
David Webb, Tom Hutchison  
2117 Trescott Drive  
Tallahassee, Florida

**ED: We thought you liked our comments, guys. If we change the name to JUNK, will you promise to still write us your charming letters?**

**Dear SIRS:**

We certainly hope you don't get as ill reading SICK as we did. However, I must compliment you on your highly appropriate magazine title.

T. & J. Gootee  
7840 Jay Miller Drive  
Falls Church, Virginia

**ED: Would you think JUNK would be as appropriate?**

**Dear SICK:**

I liked your September issue.

Bill Winn  
Hong Kong, China

**ED: So where's the poppies?**

**Dear SICK sirs:**

Every month our club, which has 37 enrolled members, selects the magazine they enjoyed the most that month. We take a vote of hands to determine which magazine we shall send our congratulations to. This month, for the first time, SICK Magazine was chosen. We rate it the funniest, the most entertaining and the most prominent for this month.

The motion to send a plaque to the winner was forgotten because we spent all the money in our treasury buying SICK magazines. By the way, our club enjoys the pictures you take from movies and put in your own words.

Russ Kirk  
President of D.D. OCCS  
2014 Larkins Way  
Pittsburgh 3, Pa.

Also: Congratulations from—Ricky, Vice-President; Chris; Sandy; Mary Ann Clark, Treasurer; Janet & Lion Reds; Sue, Andy, Barb, John Hancock (Didn't have to write his name so big.), Lucky, Nick, Husso, Thom, Ron, Alice, Duke, Linda, Mary Ann, Jiny, Paul, Cony, Paul, Jim, Den, Dave, Mike, Ron, Wayne, Shine, Norman and Jim.  
**ED: Thanks for the compliment, but we didn't put out a magazine last month.**

**Dear SICK:**

I have noticed a great change in your magazine. I saw your December issue (No. 3) and I hated it. (As we remember, the December issue always spoke well of you.) Then, I saw your August issue (No. 8) and I loved it! You sure get better every five issues.

Chester Arazy  
3724 South Wood Street  
Chicago, Illinois

**ED: Be sure to miss our November issue. It's a lot like our last December issue.**

**Dear SICK:**

Would you inform me more about your instant embalming fluid, live tape worms, hypodermic needles, Louis XVI guillotines and the KKK hoods.

Signed, Dracula  
John McDevitt, 15030 Wells Rd.  
Maybee, Michigan

**ED: What did you have in mind?**

**Hi, Guys:**

I am wondering if your Thanksgiving (which is in November) issue which comes out in August is your September edition which hit the stands in July?

Steve Spanbauer  
207 Cedar Street  
Neenah, Wisconsin

**ED: That was our May issue, Idiot!**

**Dear Sir:**

Correction — This "big tree" that you are talking about in your magazine is not located in Miami as you indicate. It's located just 16 miles northeast of here. That's between the "city beautiful" of Orlando and Sanford.

James Madison  
P.O. Box 551  
Apopka, Florida

**ED: WE saw the tree in Miami — you see how big it is?**

**Dear SICKIES:**

In your September issue on Page 35, you have an article named "Barber Cops." I was reading it when I came to the part



where the barber cut the customer's neck. Then, he put clamps on to stop the blood. I must have laughed an hour at that article. You have a very funny magazine.

Gerry Robb  
726 W. Pedregosa  
Santa Barbara, California

**ED: You like blood, huh? You should meet our proofreader, he's a bleeder.**

# SICK- nificant News

Art by Bob Powell

IT WAS a big two months on the world's newsfront. Mao Tse Tsung, head of the Red Chinese said, "*My only regret is that I only have one million lives to give for my country.*" . . . Gary Powers spent 21 months in a Russian prison, then came home and charged his wife with extreme cruelty . . . Major Andrian Nikolayev and Lt. Col. Pavel Popovich completed twin orbits. Their training took 18 months. It took them four months just to learn each other's names . . . Dr. Robert Soblen, convicted Russian spy, went through British customs. Custom officers found the Norden Bombsite in his luggage. . . . A great star, Marilyn Monroe died. The sickest joke by a Greenwich village comic was describing Joe DiMaggio making the funeral arrangements. For pallbearers he wanted Roger Hornsby, Rip Sewell, Pie Traynor, Lefty Grove and Rod Kanehl . . . The undertaker told Joe it was the first time he had worked with him, and asked, "*Do you have any experience?*" . . . "*Yes — I did the Harlow funeral.*" There was a million dollar mail truck robbery near Hyannis Port. Jackie must have written home for money again.

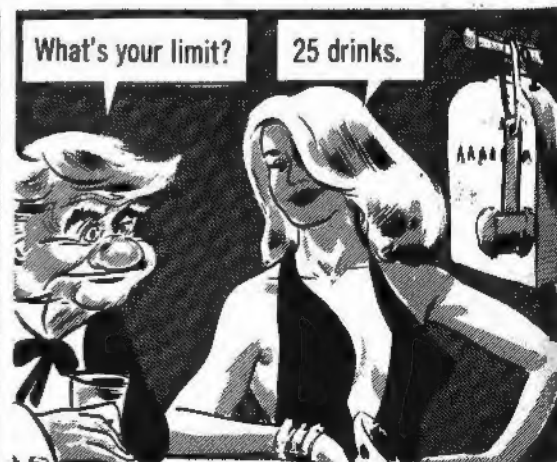
## SENATE HEARINGS ON B-GIRLS IN NITECLUBS

How did the Senators gather information for these hearings. They must have gone into the bars and niteclubs to learn these facts first-hand—right? Who said "Wrong?"

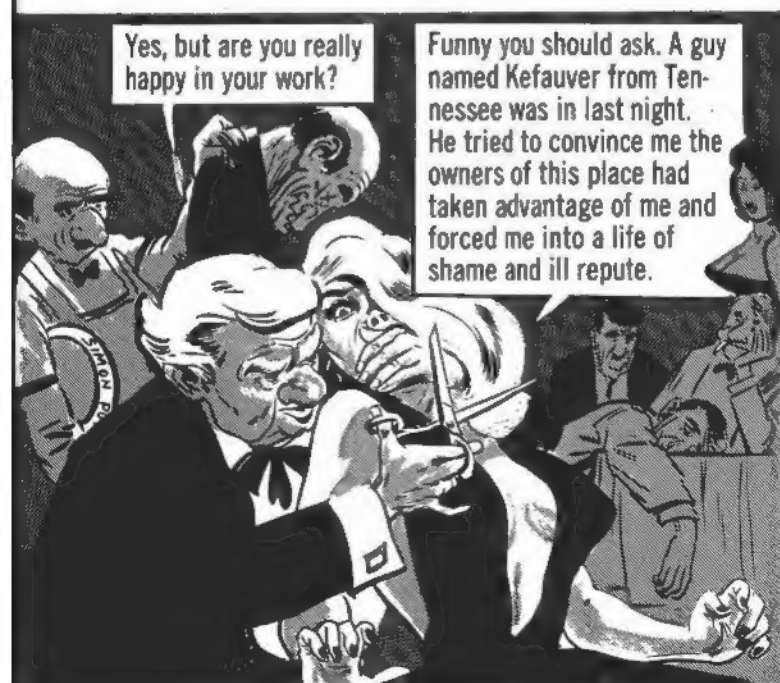
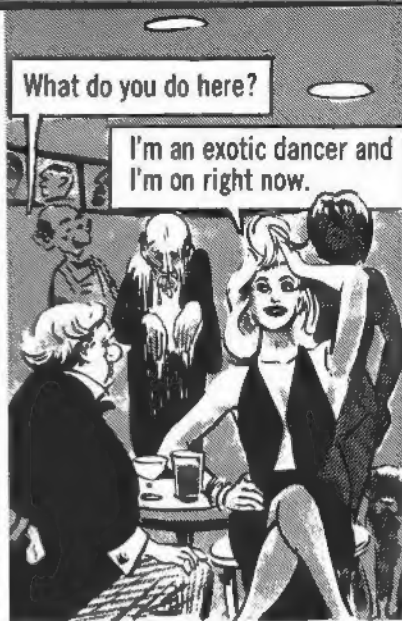
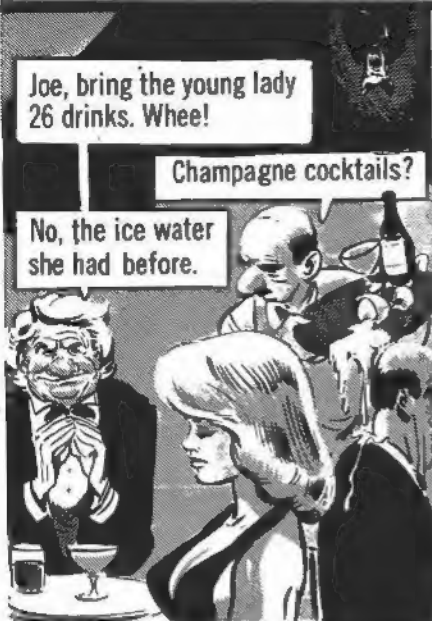
Scene: A bar . . .  
Characters: A man obviously  
a U.S. Senator . . . and a  
B-Girl.



(WAITER BRINGS DRINKS WHICH THEY SWALLOW QUICKLY. SHE MAKES MARK.)

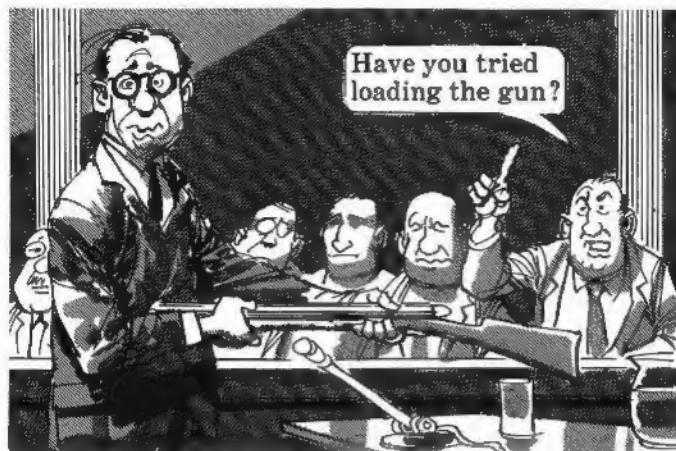
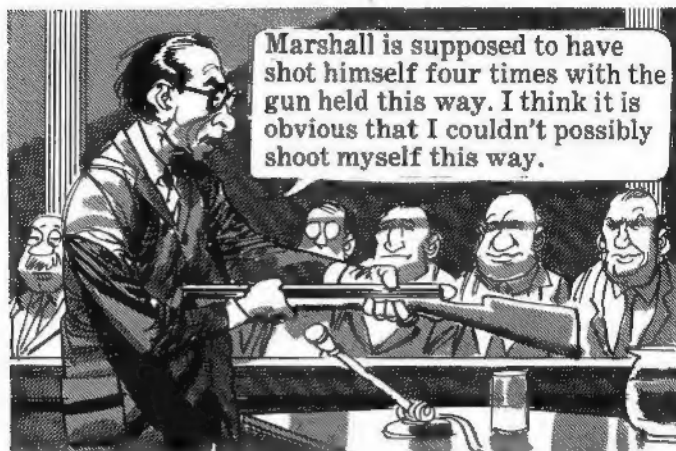






## McClellan Testifies At Estes Hearing

**SCENE:** Senate Investigating Committee Hearing. Senator McClellan testifying on supposed suicide of Agriculture Department investigator Henry Marshall in the Billy Sol Estes case.



## JANET LEIGH—TONY CURTIS DIVORCE FINAL

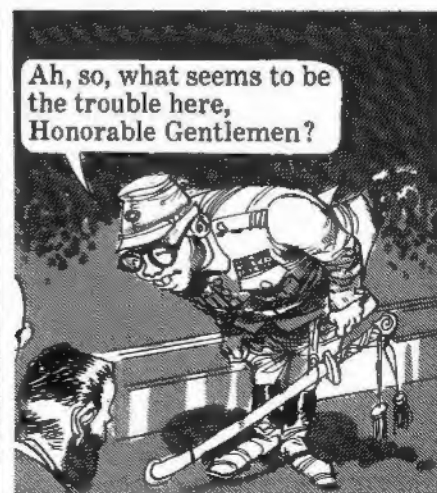
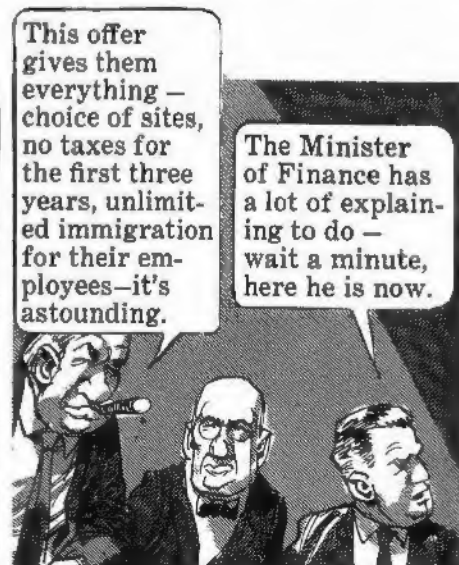
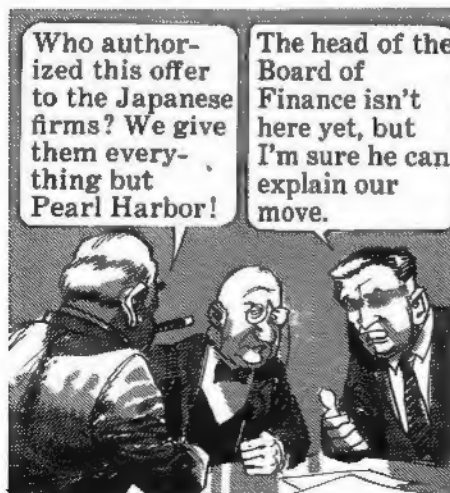
Janet claimed that Tony was very critical of her and the way she dressed. "Everytime I wore a dress he didn't like, Tony would make me go back and change it." Can you imagine what kind of married life she had?



The last time Tony saw Janet, he wanted her to change her dress but she didn't — it was her divorce suit.

## New Jersey offers Space for Japanese Factories

**MEETING:** New Jersey Board of Finance

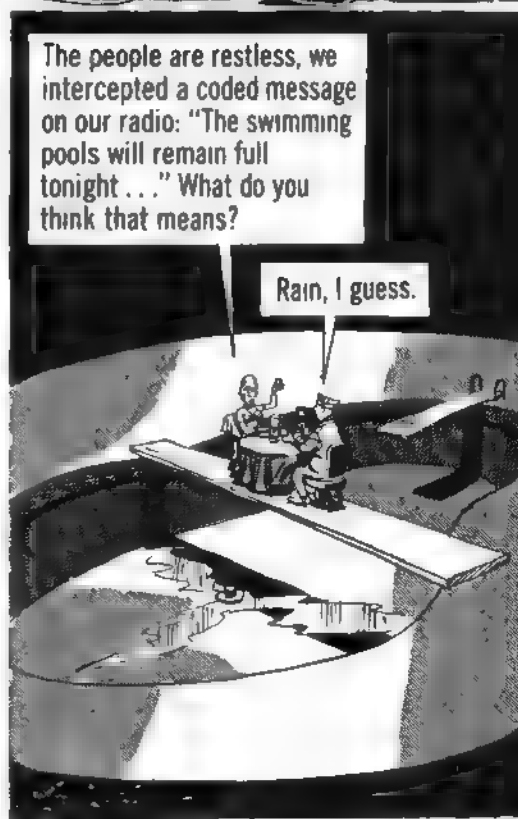
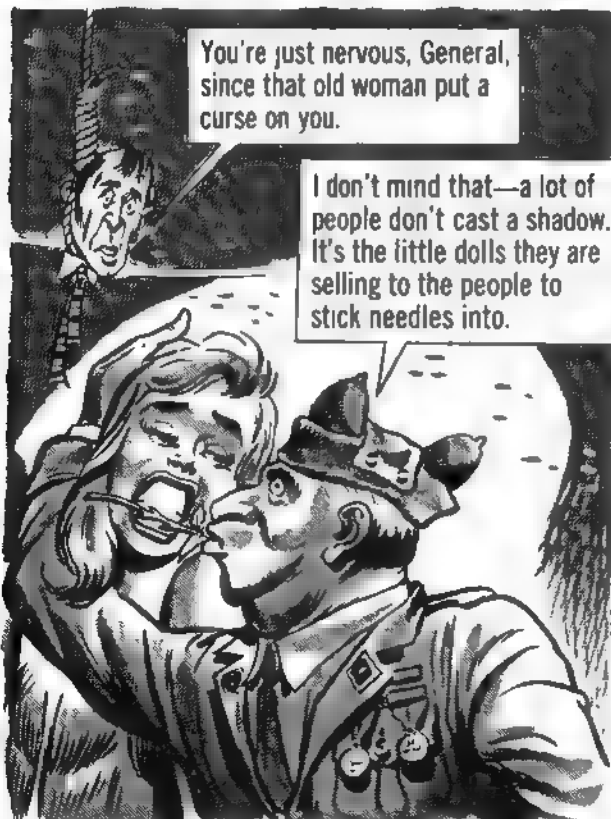




# FRANCO FACES CRISIS

HEADLINE: DICTATOR FRANCO LOSING POWER IN SPAIN

SCENE: DICTATOR'S HEADQUARTERS IN MADRID, SPAIN. CHARACTERS: FRANCO AND HIS STAFF.



# JERSEY STRIKE

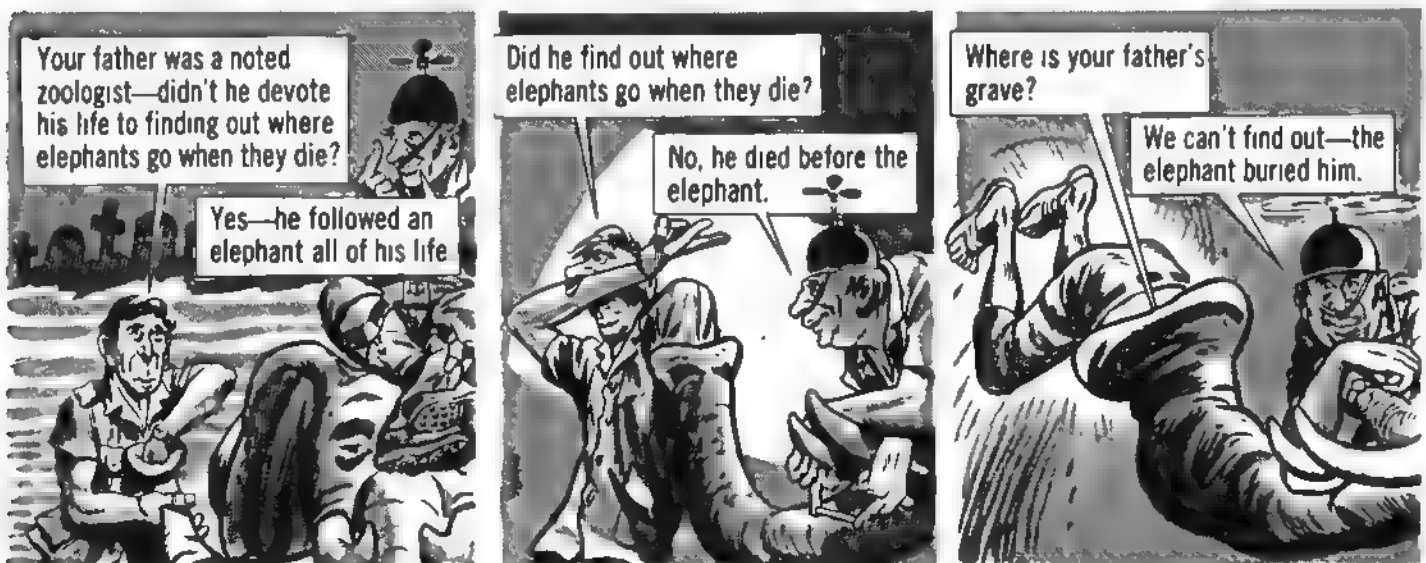
**HEADLINE: NEW JERSEY GARAGES YIELD \$2,421,850  
AND \$168,675,152 IN TWO ABANDONED CARS.**

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT THESE DISCOVERIES HAVE DONE FOR REAL ESTATE OWNERS IN NEW JERSEY?

Scene: Real Estate Office, Man and woman speaking to agent.



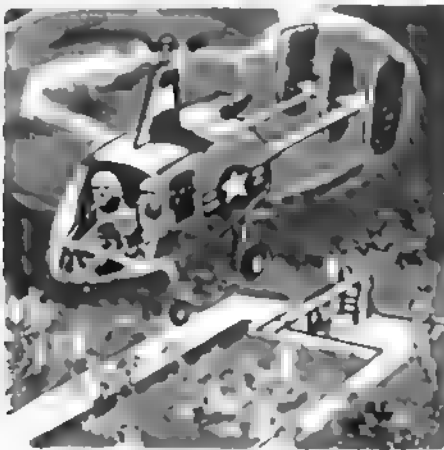
**HEADLINE: NOTED ZOOLOGIST DIES AT 67**







Mrs. Bobby Kennedy, accident-prone wife of the Attorney General, fell into her swimming pool again. Bobby would have dived in after her, but it took so long to take off his water skis.



They have the only swimming pool in the world that has an Air-Sea Rescue Helicopter hovering over it all times.



Most of their guests fall in while dancing. They should get Johnny Weissmuller as their dance instructor.



The Democrats have been in the water so much, the Cuba problem has become the SCUBA problem.



FBI men don't wear bullet-proof vests anymore - just life preservers...



Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., the President's adviser, fell into the pool, but it wasn't the first time he's been in over his head.



One fellow fell in and stayed under for eight hours. But nobody panicked - he was a Republican.

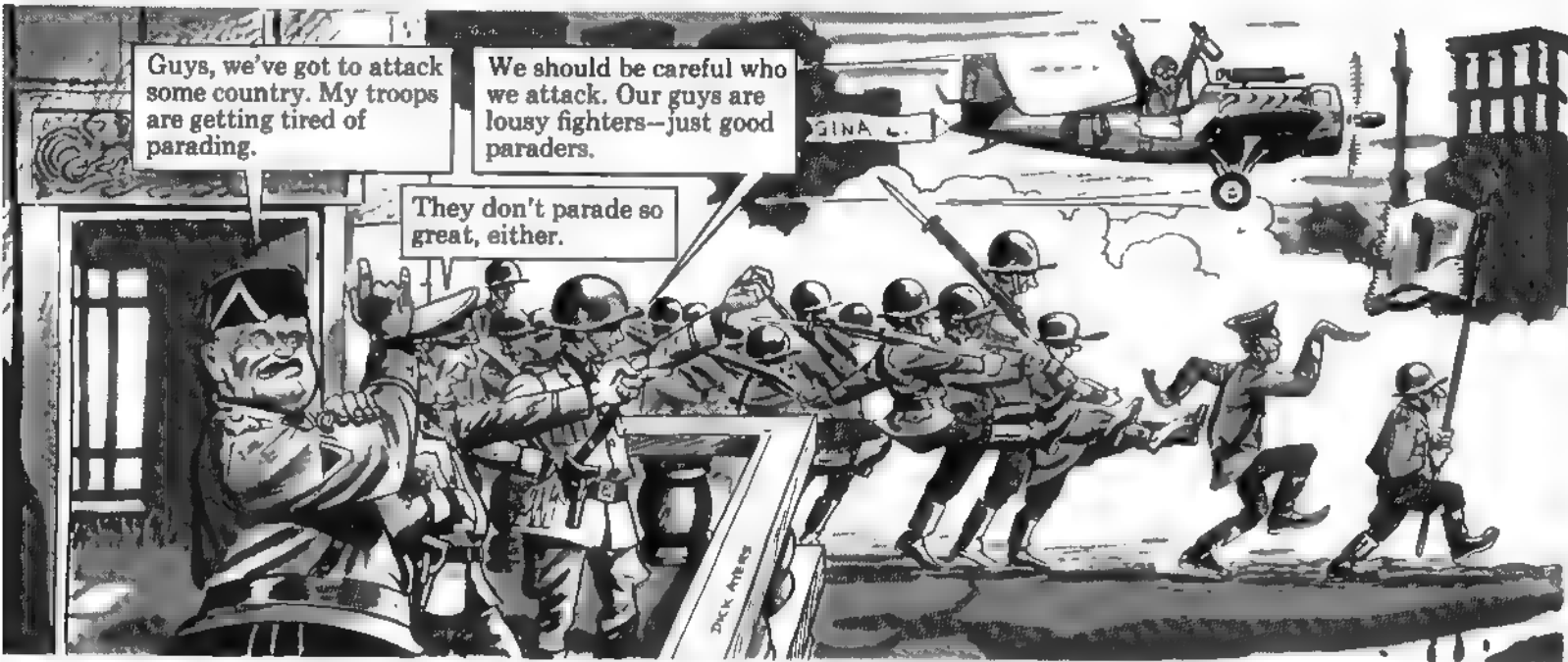
# MUSSOLINI DECIDES TO INVAD ETHIOPIA

TIME: 1935—Place: Rome, Italy—Headquarters of Benito Mussolini

Guys, we've got to attack some country. My troops are getting tired of parading.

We should be careful who we attack. Our guys are lousy fighters—just good paraders.

They don't parade so great, either.



How about invading a little island like Sicily?

Idiot! We own Sicily.

How about Czechoslovakia?

No, Hitler's invading them.

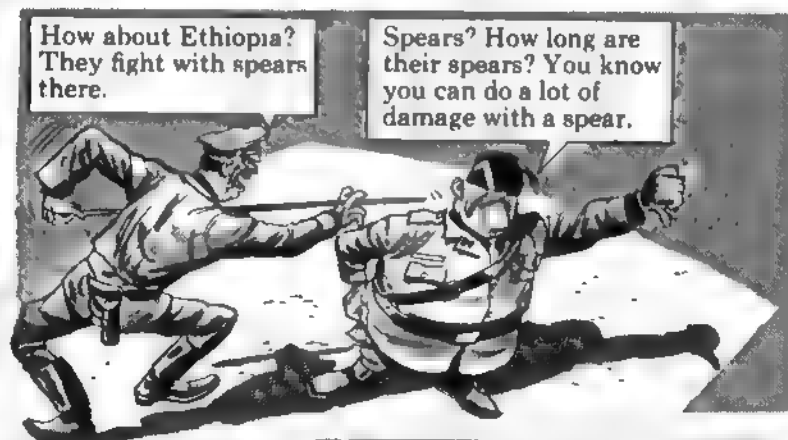
How about Norway, that's a small country.

The climate is awful in Norway. We'd have to fight in overcoats. Even in their shirtsleeves, our guys are not such great fighters.



How about Ethiopia? They fight with spears there.

Spears? How long are their spears? You know you can do a lot of damage with a spear.



But Benny, we have machine guns, cannons, long-range howitzers. And that's just our infantry. You should see our artillery.

What's the best defense against spears?

bombing.





Maybe if we talk to Haille Selassie, he might dump the war.

If we attack Ethiopia, it will look bad in the papers. Why don't we attack Russia?



Are you out of your mind? You know how big they are? No, Ethiopia seems the best choice. Get our long-range bombers ready.

I still think we can take Russia. We'll bring them to their knees with threats of germ warfare.



We don't have germ warfare.

The Russians don't know that.



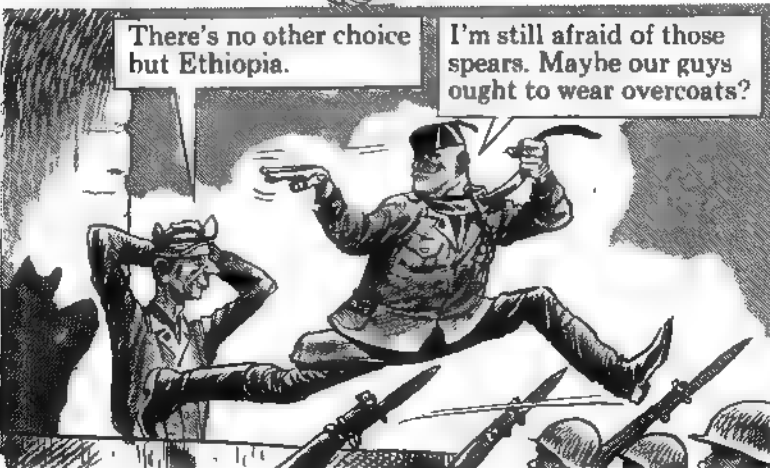
The Russians may have germ warfare.

We don't know that.



There's no other choice but Ethiopia.

I'm still afraid of those spears. Maybe our guys ought to wear overcoats?



*(Ironically enough, all of his life Mussolini feared spears. When he died by Rebel machine gun bullets, Mussolini, who didn't smoke, was chewing a stick of gum—it was Spearmint.)*

IN WATUZI — "Hatari" Means Danger ...  
 "Hatari" Means Action ...  
 "Hatari" Means Comedy ...  
 "Hatari" Means Romance ...  
 Watuzi is a confusing language ...  
 "Hatari" Means Confusing ...  
 "Hatari" Means Language ...

# HATARI

Red Buttons'  
 Vast Wayneland

"HATARI" is the first great jungle picture out of Hollywood since "Peyton Place"... The word "hatari" in Watuzi means "danger." If you ever meet a Watuzi, this information will mean something to you, but otherwise the new word you've added to your vocabulary won't help you much. A lot of people thought "Sayonara" meant "Is my laundry done?"

JUNGLE pictures have a wide audience, but they are dangerous. A lot of people who saw "King Solomon's Mines" later came down with malaria. If you go see "Hatari," we advise you, don't sit up front to the left of the screen. There's an elephant stampede in the film that trampled several front rows in Detroit. "Hatari" is full of thrills. Like have you ever been attacked by a raging rhino? We mean lately?

WELL, it's fun. You see rhinos don't like people. That's because people keep mispronouncing their names. In Watuzi, "rhinoceros" means "danger." Everything means "danger" in Watuzi; they're a very scared people.

What does it say, John?

We'll have to hold up the picture. Our safari is still bogged down in a jungle -- Albany, Georgia.



## Review

**J**OHN Wayne plays the great white hunter in the film. Wayne is a man's man. He won the Pacific War for us in 1943 and won the West for us in the 1870's. Of course, he wasn't a hell of a lot of help at the Alamo, but John doesn't talk about that much except for the comment, "If Richard Widmark hadn't been there, we could have held out twice as long."

**L**AURENCE Harvey says if Chill Wills had concentrated on fighting and not the Academy Award nomination, they could have beaten the Mexicans at the Alamo. The Mexicans said if they had Tony Quinn on their side, they could have cut the picture down to one hour.

**R**ED Buttons, everybody's favorite actor, all but steals "Hatari," although three baby elephants garner many laughs. As Red puts it: "I'll never follow an animal act again." Red plays a New York taxicab driver, which is rather ironic because in his early days in New York City, Red wasn't a New York taxicab driver.

Elsa Martinelli has a pet baby elephant in the picture. Elephants are thought to be dirty animals, but they can be kept both clean and sweet smelling if they are bathed frequently—about every 30 seconds.



John Wayne has devised a new way to catch animals from a moving car. He lassoes them from the front of his Jeep. Only trouble is that he keeps catching Cadillacs and other General Motors' products. Of course, the most famous white hunter was Frank Buck. African natives loved him so, now they're trying to bring HIM back alive.

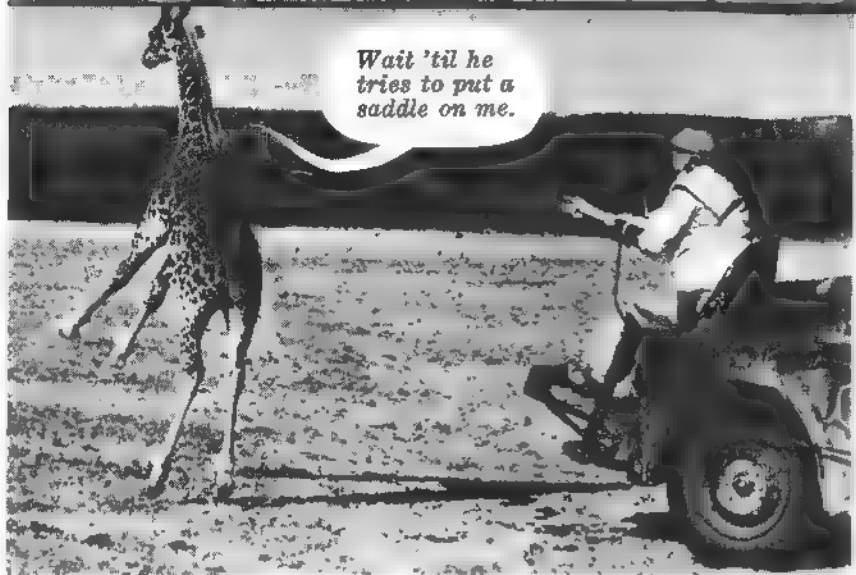


**H**ARDY Kruger, German matinee idol, plays a former race car driver and Bruce Cabot comes back to the screen after a long absence to play one of the hunters. Elsa Martinelli plays a girl in the picture. She supplies the love interest for John Wayne and the three baby elephants. Since completing the picture, Wayne says he knows it's true that elephants never forget—"They sent me a birthday card."

**"H**ATARI" (which by the way means "Rhinos" in Watuzi) tells the story of an animal farm where business is bad. The animals are going to the big game centers in the suburbs. John Wayne ("We could have won at the Alamo if there weren't any Mexicans there") plans to save the animal farm by going into the jungle in a safari. A safari is a small Italian sports car. Red Buttons says safaris are expensive because it's so hard to get parts. Brandy (Michele Girardon) owns the animal farm which is why they keep Bruce Cabot ("Indian") caged up at night. All this information comes out during the opening credits for the picture. The credits are quite unique—they tell us everything but who's in the picture.



Wayne finally lassoes a giraffe. Giraffes are the fastest animals in the jungle. A lot of people say gazelles are. A lot of gazelles say that. If you go to the jungle, you'll soon discover giraffes are faster than gazelles. Proof of this is that you'll see giraffes chasing gazelles, but you'll never see a gazelle chasing a giraffe. Of course, another explanation could be that gazelles don't like giraffes and therefore never chase them. Distinguishing different animals in the jungle is an important part of a hunter's craft. A lot of people have trouble telling crocodiles and alligators apart. Not us. We have trouble distinguishing them when they're together.



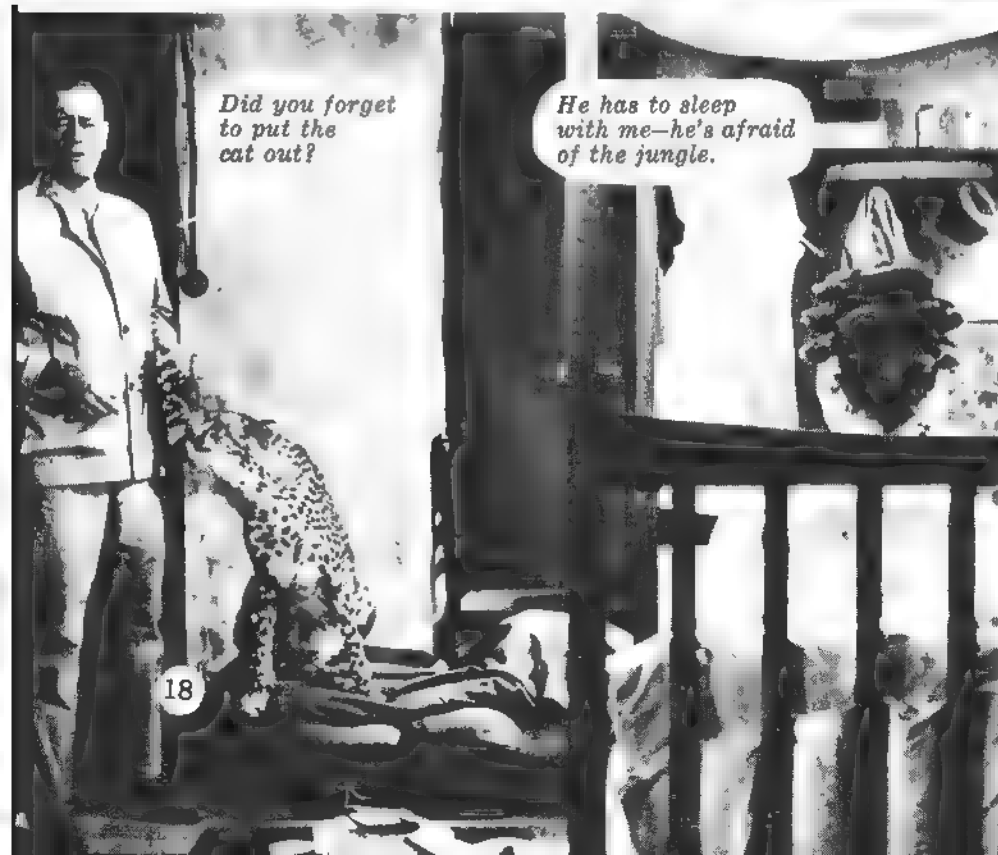
*Wait 'til he tries to put a saddle on me.*

One of Elsa's baby elephants gets loose in a grocery store. He is looking for the FAB display. An elephant loose in a grocery store is like a bull in a china shop. If you've ever been in one, you know there's a lot of bull in china shops—that's how they move the merchandise.



*This is why I can't take him anywhere with me.*

Besides the elephant, Elsa has a pet leopard. But she begins paying less attention to the leopard and moves to the white hunter, John Wayne. However, this doesn't bother her pet because a leopard never spots a change. Which just about uses up all the animal clichés.



*Did you forget to put the cat out?*

*He has to sleep with me—he's afraid of the jungle.*

The big love scene in the movie is when a Rhino (In *Watuji* that means "run") attacks a Willys Jeep, thinking the Jeep is its mate. Rhinos have poor eyesight and a very limited sex life. They are always trying to get into Jeeps.



*I always win photo finishes.*

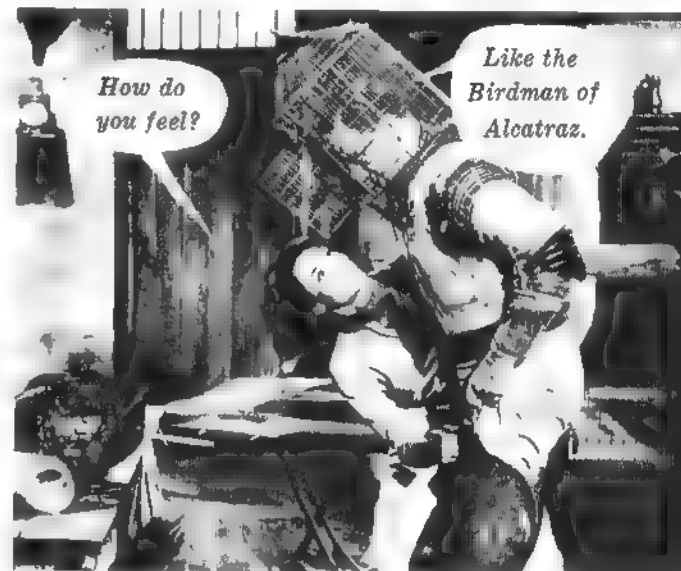


John Wayne marries Elsa and finds he has to share his bride with three baby elephants, which makes him feel like he married Sabu. You remember, Sabu's wife divorced him in Hollywood a number of years ago; she didn't mind the elephants in her bedroom, but when they began crushing peanut shells all night, it drove her nuts.



There were many dangers for the stars of "HATARI" since no stunt men were used. However, in several scenes, stunt animals were used. Bruce Cabot was gored by a lion when he tried to hypnotize the beast. Bruce explains his mishap: "First, I looked into the lion's eyes. Then the lion looked right into my eyes. Then, the lion rolled over on his back—and tore me to pieces." Bruce successfully hypnotized the lion. What he didn't know is that the lion always had something to eat before he went to sleep.

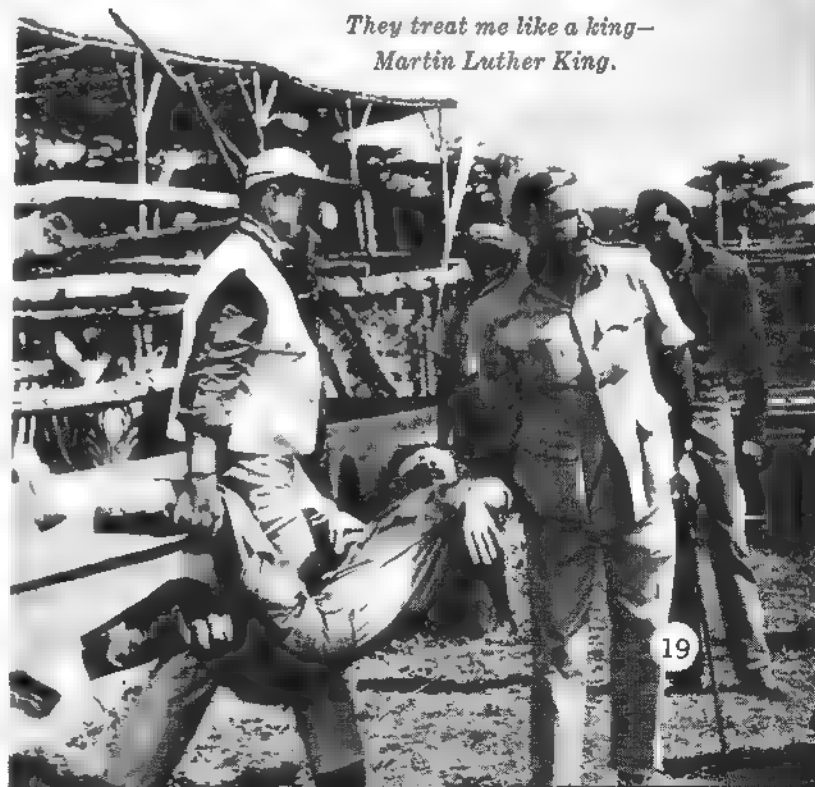
All precautions were taken before the stars had to face the wild animals. Here John Wayne is preparing to read last week's receipts of "The Alamo" to stockholders.



Red Buttons brought two bush babies back from Africa with him. When they grow up, they'll become a forest. Red met a pigmy tribe while shooting the movie. The pigmies worship idols—Mickey Rooney and Eddie Arcaro. Red said one scene stands out in his memory—when he saw a pigmy father admonishing his 4 foot tall pigmy son, saying: "When are you going to grow up?"

Red describes the diet in the jungle as delicious; "We had ostrich eggs, panther milk, and peacock feathers for lunch. For dinner we had more exotic dishes. My favorite dish was knishes. It's an African bird. I don't know how you say it in Watuzi, but in American it means Robin." But the African civilization is a fascinatingly primitive one and as Red says, "It teaches one a great lesson—that is—stay the hell out of Africa!"

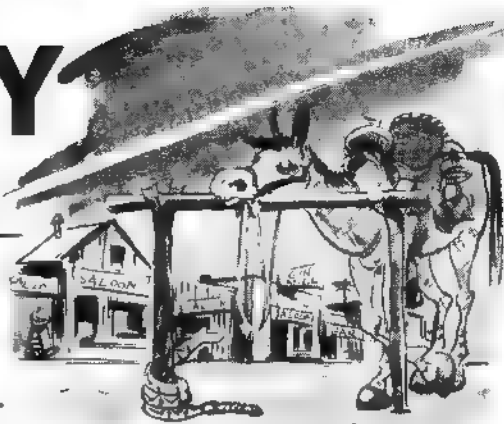
**SUMMING UP:** The names given the characters in "Hatari" are fabulous. John Wayne is Sean Mercer; Red Buttons is Pockets; Elsa is Dallas; Bruce Cabot is Indian; Michele is Brandy; Gerard Blain is Chip. The script for the picture isn't too imaginative, but that's understandable. The screen writer spent all his time thinking up those names. In any language "HATARI" means entertainment. Be sure to see it, when it comes to your local zoo.



# MONOLOGAMY

monologues for special occasions ---

## THE POSSE



SCENE: Typical Western town. Town Marshal is addressing a handful of citizens.

Folks, we got to form a posse. A group of outlaws just robbed our bank and killed Old Harry, the bank guard, in cold blood and without warning, after he got only six of them.

Did anyone see the outlaws? Zeke, you did. Can you describe them? Five feet high, sleek black hair, big mouth. Okay, now we know what one of the horses looked like. Can anyone give a description of the robbers? Fred, you saw them backing out of the bank? Would you know them if you saw them again? Only if they were backing out of another bank. Well, Fred, I don't think we can arrange that, but thanks for your help.

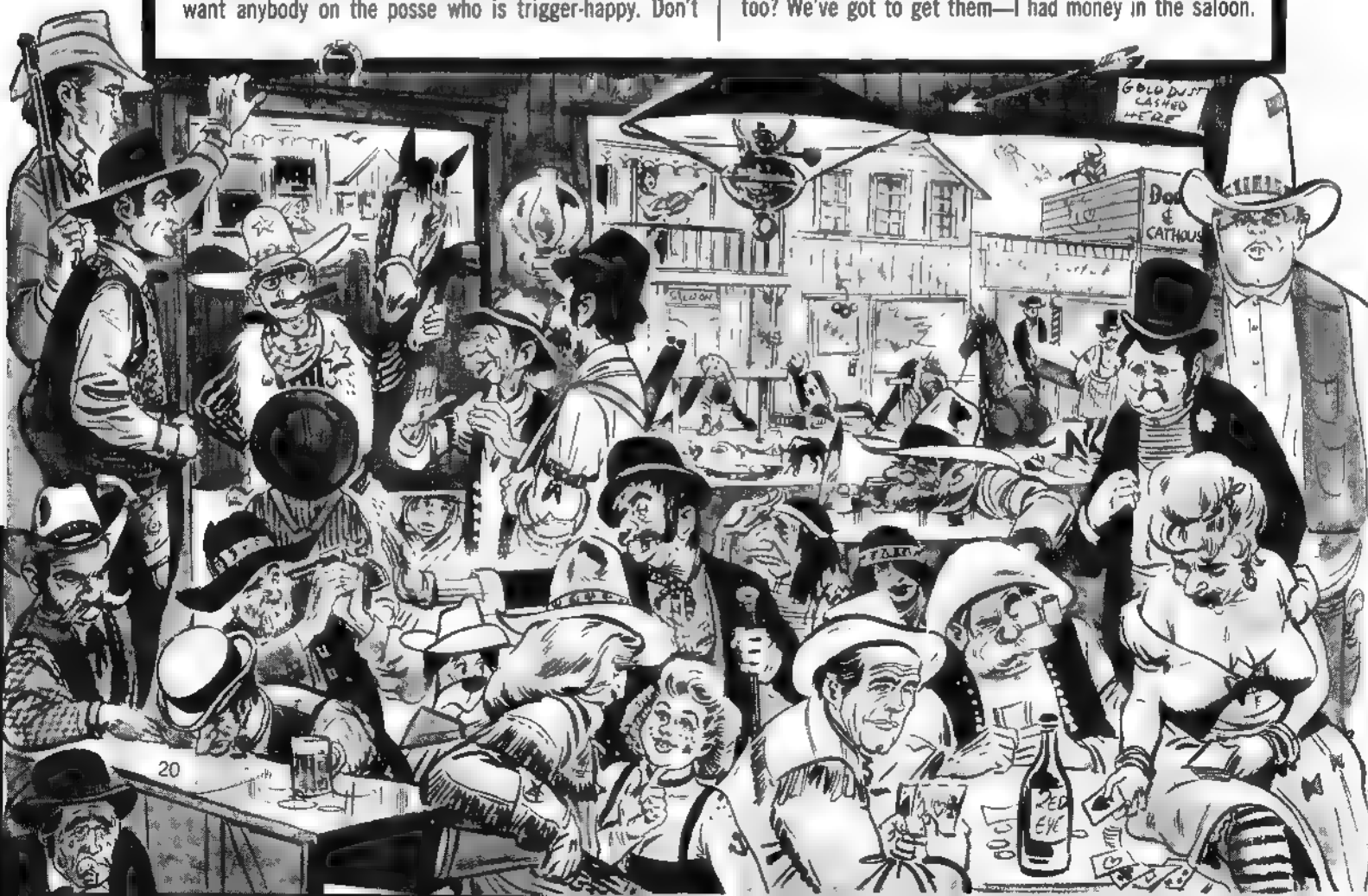
I want to swear in some of you to form a posse. I don't want anybody on the posse who is trigger-happy. Don't

want you shooting at everyone on horseback. We lost a lot of guys on our last posse that way.

One of these days I'm going to form a posse to look for our last posse. I told them to spread out and that was the last I saw of them. Some members of that posse must be in Canada by now.

Now, these outlaws are dangerous. They shot Old Harry dead. We'll bury him when we get back. Where did you put Old Harry, Zeke? In the bank vault? It was empty. Yes, I know.

These outlaws cleaned out the bank. Thank God, we don't keep any money in the bank. All of our money is in the saloon. What's that, Bart? They robbed the saloon too? We've got to get them—I had money in the saloon.





Hold up your right hands and I'll swear you in. Your right hand, Zeke. That IS your right hand? By Gosh, Zeke's right. The rest of us are wrong. I hereby deputize you all.



What's that, Ev? No, deputies don't get badges. Only the Marshal has a badge. How do you get to be Marshal? First, you have to wait until I get shot. Put that gun away, Ev.



Bart, you can put your hand down now, the swearing in is over. Now, men, we have a lot of heavy riding ahead of us. We'll be in the saddle day and night. What's that, Bart? Should we take our horses? Will somebody shut that idiot up. And take your hand down, Bart.

Now, I figure the outlaws headed to the border. You think they went the other way, Jake? I don't see how you figure that—North, there's 12 miles of desert and on the other side of the desert is Death Valley.

We'll split the posse in two. Half will go North to the river and the other half will go on the other side of the valley to the mountains. Then, what do you suppose we'll do, Bart? Gun each other down? No, we're not going to gun each other down. That's what the last posse did.

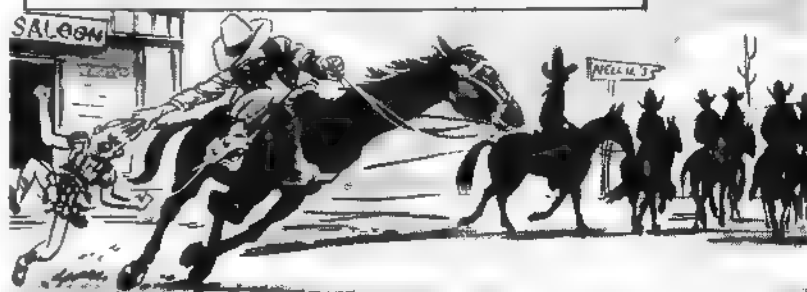


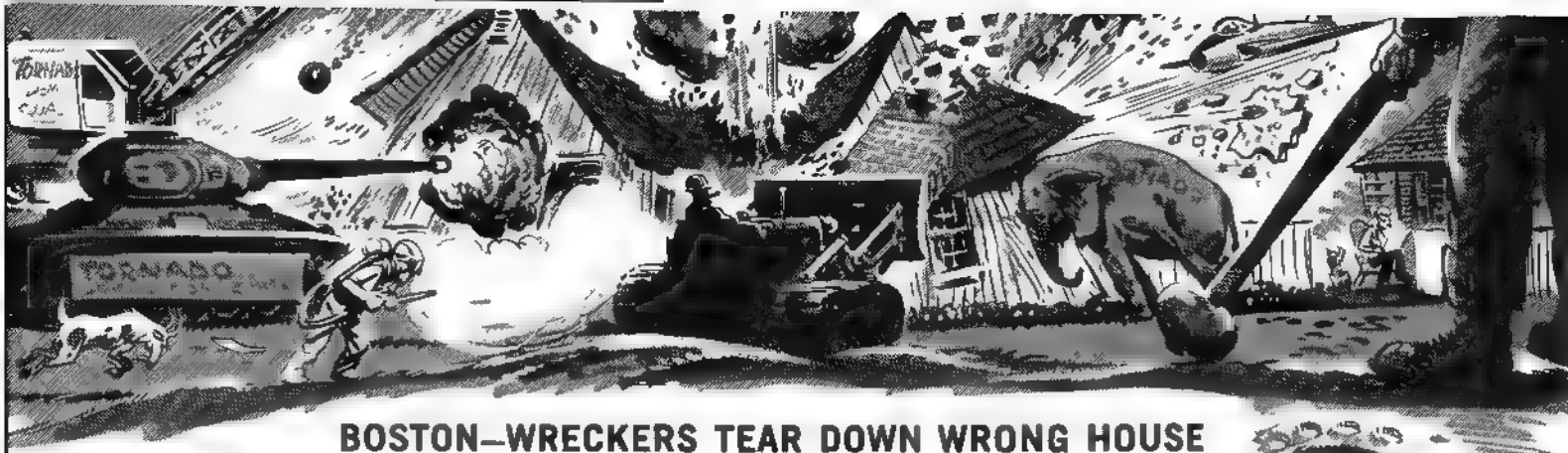
One of the outlaws is wounded through the chest. He can't get too far. When we catch them we'll give them a fair trial and then hang them. Bury them in a shallow grave with a cross to direct the vultures. What's that, Ev? Let's torture them first? You know, I worry about you, Ev. Last week I saw you teaching the little Pickett girl how to tear wings off flies. There's nothing wrong with that, but now the whole town is crawling with flies. At first, I thought they were ants, but they kept making these weird little jumps, the poor devils.



Let's get after them. What, Fred? You want to follow tracks. No, the last time we followed tracks, we ended up in a railroad depot. If anyone spots the outlaws, fire a shot in the air. You know what that's for, Bart? To warn the outlaws? What, Zeke? "Could we stop at your house for supper, it's on the way. Your wife's making pot roast." Your Nellie makes the best pot roast in the territory. I guess it wouldn't hurt. We can make a night of it, and start after the outlaws first thing in the morning. They can't get far, especially the one with the slug in his chest. He's got to stop for surgery sometime.

What, Ev? Can the little Pickett girl come along? Sure, anything to get her away from the flies.





## BOSTON—WRECKERS TEAR DOWN WRONG HOUSE

Hello, is this the Tornado Demolition Company? My name is Oscar Hamilton. I live—I mean, I USED to live at 175 Mulberry Drive. A funny thing happened when I got home tonight. What's that? No, I'm not selling anything. When I got home tonight, my house was a pile of rubble only two inches high. There was a sign in front of it with your name and address on it.

I have to talk to who? Manager in charge of routing? Okay, would you put him on.

Sir, my name is Oscar Hamilton. I live—rather I mean, I USED to live at 175 Mulberry Drive. A funny thing happened to me on the way home tonight. No, I'm not selling insurance. The fact is, your people tore my house down.

I live at 175 Mulberry Drive. You have an order to tear down a house at 157 Mulberry Drive? I think if you take a look at 157 Mulberry Drive you'll see that that house is still standing. I see, it was a mistake by the crew. They probably had a few drinks.

I understand, the only reason I called was to clear up the confusion.





# MEMORY LESSONS



EDUCATION

Good morning, students. Today, I want to talk to you about concentration . . . Concentration is simply the ability to keep your mind on the subject at hand, letting nothing distract you . . . Hey, how about that, my shoe is untied. Excuse me.



What is the undefinable something that separates the success from the failure? I can answer that question in just three words—The Power—No, that would be four words—The Power of Mental—five words . . . The Power of Mental Concentration. That is five words, isn't it? Are we counting "the's" and "a's"?

Remember, students, concentrate on one thing and one thing only; the subject at hand. Is it getting warm in here? Maybe it's just this wool suit. I think it's wool. I knew this, wasn't my jacket.

Now, what were we talking about? Oh, yes, mental concentration and the Panama Canal . . . I've come here to tell you how mental concentration can help every man, woman and child in this classroom. Have you ever stopped to wonder what memories this old classroom must have? What great men must have studied here?

Where were we? Oh, yes, the Panama Canal. Made up of 34 land locks and 34 million tons of cement. Have you ever wondered why they dug the Panama Canal in Panama? Why not Colorado? They almost dug it in New Jersey.

To develop your power of concentration, just take an object and concentrate on it. Take a rubber ball. Concentrate on this rubber ball. Watch it bounce. What's the first thing that comes to your mind? Does anyone have any jacks? Now, everyone follow the bouncing ball "I want a girl, just like a girl, who married dear old ma." Some of you weren't singing. I wonder if this rubber ball knows any other tunes.

The founder of the *Power through Mental Concentration Clinic*, Dr. Edward Clinic has written a book entitled: "*The Power of Dr. Edward Concentration*." He got a little confused in the title there. If you haven't read this book, I strongly urge you do so. We professionals in the field regard Dr. Clinic's book as our bible.

Let me read from the chapter entitled "*The Genesis*" . . . Dr. Clinic says: "*The Power of Mental Concentration is simply the ability to concentrate on a rubber ball . . .*" I will bounce the ball. I want a girl, just like the girl . . .

Now, for my first experiment. In this experiment, I am going to name four items at random. I'll harvest them at random. It will be a random harvest—say, wasn't that a great movie? Greer Garson was never lovelier . . .

I will place these four items in my mind and memorize them . . . My first item will be the pert coed in the first row in the checkered dress . . . That's the pert coed in the first row with the checkered dress. Now, all of you please remember these items. My second item—the boy leaning over his desk with the Basset Hound dressed in the herring-bone tweed. Once again, that's the boy leaning over his desk with the Basset Hound in the Herring Bone tweed . . .

For my third item I want to select something difficult—something that will really tax my powers of concentration . . . Therefore, for my third item, I've chosen a checkered herring-bone tweed. Let's see now, I have the pert coed in the first row with the checkered dress; the boy leaning over his desk with the basset Hound in the herring-bone tweed, and our third and taxing item—a checkered, herring-bone tweed. . . .

# TEST YOUR POWERS OF CONCENTRATION ON THESE OBJECTS...



wool suit



pert coed



ball



pert coed



book



pert coed

Let's make our fourth item Cary Grant's salmon-colored bow tie. All right, now I'd like someone in the audience to choose one of these items so I can concentrate on that single item to the exclusion of all the others now cluttering my mind.

Yes, sir, what item did you choose? "Cary Grant's salmon-colored bow tie?" I'm sorry, that's not one of our items—we never called that one out. Will someone else, who's been paying attention, choose an item.

Yes, young lady in the first row. Which item did you choose? "The pert coed in the first row wearing the checkered uniform?" Please, Miss, the pert coed was not part of this experiment. What do you mean it was? I don't care if you are the pert coed, you're not part of this experiment. Folks, I think I better refresh your memory as to the items we are dealing with here: We have the salmon-colored checkers, the Basset Hound wearing the balcony rail, and a herring-bone Cary Grant. You see, we never had a pert coed . . . discourteous perhaps, but never pert.

Now, please try to plant these items in your mind. I will repeat them once more: the National Checkerboard Tournament, Hound Hunting at Basset, the little bouncing ball that sings "I want a girl" and King Solomon's Mines—Now, there was a movie. Stewart Granger was never lovelier.

In my next experiment, I will demonstrate Extra Sensory Perception through Mental Concentration. You won't have as much to remember in this experiment, but please try to stay awake. Now, I want some member of the class to concentrate on a group of words, a title of a book, like "Marjorie Morningstar", a play, a movie or a quotation. You, sir, are you concentrating on a book title, like "Marjorie Morningstar", a play, or movie, like "Marjorie Morningstar"? Now, concentrate.

Now, tell me, sir, do we have anything prearranged? What's that? You have theater tickets for later? No, I mean anything prearranged between us? Nothing—good. Now, I'll write my impression on this slip of paper. Now, I'll fold the paper and place it in the breast pocket of my jacket—or whosever jacket this is I'm wearing . . .

Now, sir, what was the book you were thinking of? You were thinking of a movie? What movie? "Marjorie Morningstar?" Are you sure? Good. Now, students, I take the piece of paper from my breast pocket and on the paper I have written—Not "Marjorie Morningstar," but Herman Wouk. I only claim to be 75% accurate. What's that? You were thinking of Herman Wouk. That explains it. Was anyone else thinking of Herman Wouk? You're still thinking of the pert coed in the first row in the checkered dress.

What were you thinking of, sir? You are thinking you would like to see the piece of paper. The one I put in my breast pocket—that piece of paper? You have a suspicious nature, sir, but that's your privilege. Here is the piece of paper I wrote the title on . . .

Was anyone thinking of "Tale of Two Cities?" Charles Dickens? Oh, come on, surely in a class this size, someone has got to have been thinking of "Tale of Two Cities." It's a pretty well known book. Maybe with this class I should have tried "Peyton Place." What's that, Miss? You were thinking of "Peyton Place." It figured.



# A MUST for every Loser...

For students who can't make it! Athletes short of breath! Shaky surgeons!  
Accountants who added wrong! Married people...

**GIVE UP! GET—**

AN AVON BOOK 40c F-147

INCURABLY SICK

## INCURABLY SICK



AVON  
40c  
F-147

Printed in **INGLESH**  
Selected for reading by our enemies overseas

### What they are saying about "INCURABLY SICK"

General Douglas MacArthur:  
*I shall return my copy.*

Peter Lawford: *Funnier than a  
Hollywood funeral.*

Al Feldstein, Editor of Mad:  
*Everything we do, they have  
to do.*

Dr. Robert Soblen, convicted  
Red spy: *I have a strong death  
wish and I think it's going to  
come true.*

Red Cosmonauts, Nikolayev and  
Popovich: *Good to have handy  
when you're a long way from  
home.*

Mail Truck robbers: *Good  
escape fiction.*

George Stinson Rockwell, head  
of Nazi Party: *Hitler loved it.*

Martin Luther King: *Don't we  
have enough troubles—now this?*

Charles DeGaulle: *Funnier than  
an assassination attempt.*

**40c at your favorite drugstore (Prescription Department)**

**This is a real ad, idiot. Buy it. We need the money.**



We guess everybody's favorite TV variety show is "The Garry Moore Show," but we're still waiting for them to do our favorite

# WONDERFUL YEAR

By Dee Caruso

Art by Jack Davis

Tonight, Our Wonderful Year is 1929. Do you remember—



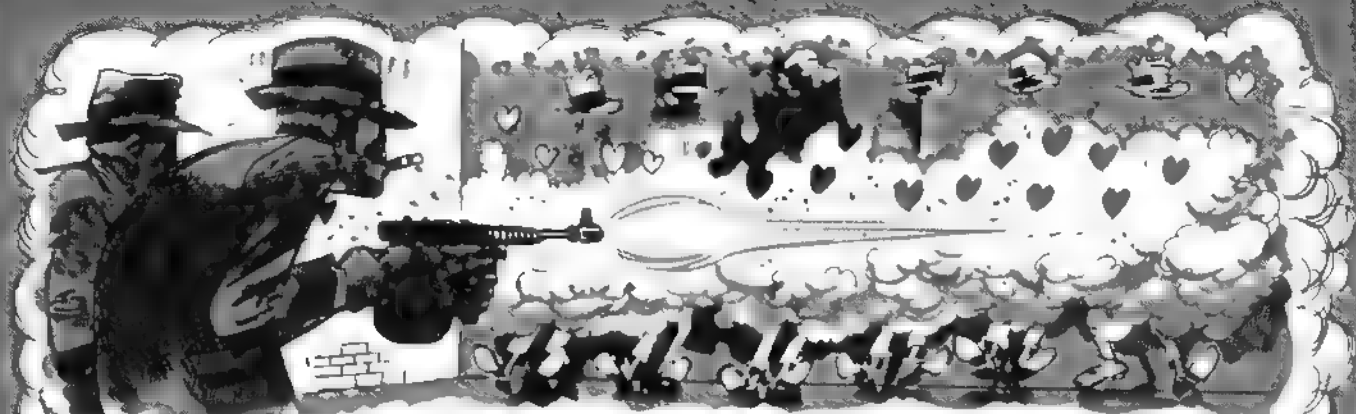
"The Stock Market crash... On November 12th, the crash heralded the Great Depression. Suicides in Wall Street became a daily occurrence."



"Unemployment reached four and a half million Americans out of work. In two years the total of unemployed climbed to 13 million."



"Soup kitchens and selling apples in the street? Over 200 banks closed their doors as reports indicated the United States was going off the gold standard."



"And in Chicago on February 14th—the Valentine Day massacre of six members of Bugs Moran's gang."



"Floods in Mississippi Valley left 150,000 homeless and drought in Mid-western states caused crops to fail as the rainfall was the lowest ever recorded."



"The whole country was singing 'BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?' and 'LOVE FOR SALE!'"

Do you recall or remember at all? That, wonderful, WONDERFUL Year?



Advertisement: Are you taking your hair to Europe this year? Why? Did my hair say it needed a change?

Yesterday, we saw a dog wearing Supphose...

A monk walks into the chapel where other monks are praying and announces: "Will you keep it down? I've got bread in the oven."

New Book—"Lincoln, the man and the car."

Guy saved enough plaid stamps to make himself a sportsjacket...Two guys talking: "I saw you with a 14-year-old girl...Are you dating older women now?"

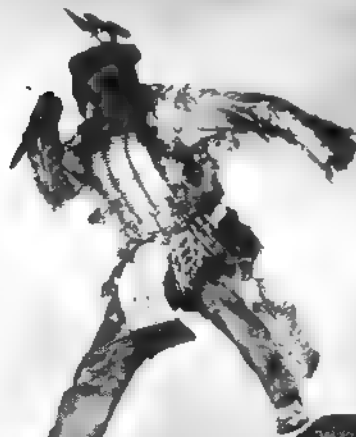
Joe Garagiola sent wire to Yogi Berra after Yogi caught record 22-inning game, saying: "Congratulations on a successful season."

We know a marine who fought in Tarawa and used to sit in his foxhole yelling all night to his buddies: "Marines, Tomorrow you die!"

Name a silent movie star with the initials F. R.—Answer—Fatty Arbuckle.

**MONOLOGUE OF A REALLY SICK COMIC:** The one thing I can't stand is people who object to paying their income tax. It is a privilege and an honor to pay your income tax. I think I should add that I haven't paid my income tax for 15 years, but if, they ever catch me, I'll be glad to pay it. You think it's easy not to pay? I had to kill two Internal Revenue agents in cold blood. The only reason I got away with the murder was I made it look like a double suicide. Before I shot them, I made the agents sign a suicide pact. That wasn't so easy either. First, I had to convince them they couldn't go on living without each other.

Nobody's going to use a knife on me.



# SICK

# SICK

## IMAGINARY INTERVIEW WITH BO BELINSKY:

**SICK:** Here, folks, is the star pitcher and playboy for the Los Angeles Angels, Bo Belinsky. Bo, you are a niteclub goer, ladies man, and playboy. What do you do in your spare time?

**BO:** I'm a major league pitcher.

**SICK:** Why did you choose baseball as a career?

**BO:** I like the life—the niteclubs, dating girls, meeting movie stars, the drinking...

**SICK:** With all that night life, how do you keep in shape—when do you rest?

**BO:** During the ball games.

**SICK:** You have a rough schedule this year with 162 games—

**BO:** I don't let it interfere with my career.

**SICK:** Bo, did you ever play with the minors?

**BO:** No, if the chick isn't over 21, I won't go near her.

**SICK:** Why did you sign with the Los Angeles Angels? Is it because of all the nite clubs out there?

**BO:** Yes, I wanted to be near my work.

**SICK:** You were once a boxer—

**BO:** I fought a girl once. The judge gave her the decision.

**SICK:** Do you follow training rules?

**BO:** Oh, yea, if I don't get to bed by 10 p.m., I go right home.

**SICK:** You were fined once for drinking. Was that before a game?

**BO:** No, during a game. I like a little blast...

**SICK:** Tell us, Bo, does the curve ball really curve?

**BO:** No, the diamond curves.

**SICK:** What do you do for a change of pace?

**BO:** I switch to scotch.

**SICK:** Did Manager Rigney teach you to mix up your pitches?

**BO:** No, he taught me not to mix my drinks.

**SICK:** Every pitcher has a favorite hitter, who's your favorite swinger?

**BO:** Frank Sinatra.

**SICK:** You are a personal friend of the President, aren't you?



# WORLD

## PLAYBOY BASEBALL STAR,

**BO:** Yes, I've known Mr. Winchell for over a year now.

**SICK:** Have you met any movie stars on the West Coast?

**BO:** Yes, Godzilla comes to our games and Leo the Lion... Leo used to come out a lot more when we played in the Coliseum. He'd keep yelling for the Christians to come out.

**SICK:** If the Angels were ahead 1-0 over the Yankees and you had the bases full with two outs and Mickey Mantle up, what would you do?

**BO:** What team am I pitching for?

**SICK:** You pitch for the Angels.

**BO:** No wonder I can't get them on TV. Everytime I get home, their game is over.

**SICK:** A lot of future ball players read our magazine. What's your advice for youngsters in our audience?

**BO:** Never sock a broad.

**SICK:** Can you tell us something about the signals you have with your catcher?

**BO:** Glad to. Pitching signals are fairly simple. Catcher touches his cap if he wants a high pitch. He touches the dirt for a low pitch. Now, the uniform he's wearing that day is important. If he wears a dirty uniform, it means ignore all his signs. If he has a worn uniform, it means throw a lot of dusters, and if he has a new uniform, it means he has a date after the game. We have key words for every set of signals.

**SICK:** How does that work?

**BO:** Simple. For Monday and Wednesday our key word is sishkebab. Tuesday and Thursday, we have matzo balls, and Friday we have fish. Now, listen carefully, because this is where it starts getting tricky. If the catcher holds up one finger it means he has to go to the clubhouse for a minute. Two fingers means he has to go to the clubhouse badly and three fingers means it's too late to care.

**SICK:** Thank you, Bo, for this informative chat.

## SICK EDUCATIONAL DEPT.

### What's Wrong With Girls

1. Girls always look good when you first see them, but after you really get to know them, the good looks wear off. Take Arlene Dahl. An angel, right? But if you really got to know her—nothing. That's why we keep calling Arlene Dahl. We really want to get to know her so she'll stop driving us nuts.

2. Girls are always sophisticated, superior and arrogant around boys. But when they're alone, all they do is giggle. Does their underwear tickle? Do they tell each other funny dirty stories? We doubt it. Every time we ask a girl, "Do you know any funny dirty stories?" They always reply, "No, my underwear tickles."

3. Girls like to spend money—your money. We used to spend \$40 a week on a girl. We don't see her anymore, but we send her the \$40.

Charlie Barone, proprietor of the barber shop in the Manger Hotel in Rochester, New York, is a SICK fan. He keeps an ample supply of SICK on hand for customers. If the customers start laughing while he's shaving them, Charlie could cut off an ear. But Charlie says that problem never arises with SICK. That's why he prefers it to Gent and Playboy.

Tip to would-be assassins. "If at first you don't succeed, aim lower."

James Mason and his wife got a divorce, because he claimed she was getting too Americanized. She tried to save the marriage. She offered to change her name from Portland to Liverpool.

A guy and his wife have the same first name. To avoid confusion, they don't speak to each other.

(Continued on page 30)



# And now, a word to our armed forces overseas: — ATTACK!



Okay—Now—gallop!

I said gallop, idiot, GALLOP!!!

Sexiest line you can use on a date. "I want to hug and squeeze you until my arms break." We once heard Errol Flynn say that in a movie. As we remember, he said it to David Niven.

**MINUTE MONOLOGUE:** Guy is talking on phone:

"Hello, Charlie? This is Fred. You know, Charlie, you asked me to put you up in my apartment for a weekend as a favor to Ole Eddie Biddle. That was July, Charlie, this is January. It's been a long weekend, Charlie.

"At the time you told me you were having trouble with your wife. You still can't be having trouble with her—she's living with us. Don't get me wrong, Charlie, I like your wife. I like her mother, her two good-for-nothing brothers, the dog and the Shetland pony. No, I'm not too thrilled with the pet cobra . . .

"And I don't like the dentist you rented the front room to. I have his patients sitting in my bedroom. The apartment is always filled with magazines.

"And those wild parties you've been giving. I don't object to them, but couldn't you invite me to one. You know that guy you threw out of the apartment last week? That was my brother, Charlie. I know it's quiet here in the hotel, but I want to come back to the apartment.

"Quite frankly, Charlie, I miss your wife, her two good-for-nothing brothers, the dog and the Shetland Pony. Yea, Charlie, I even could become attached to the pet cobra.

"One more thing, Charlie; I don't mind letting you use my place, seeing you're a friend of good old Eddie Biddle, but who is Eddie Biddle? I'll meet him next week? HE'S coming to live with us too."

Niteclub comic was making his debut and his agent told him, "Just smile and the people will like you. You don't have to be funny." So, he stood up in front of an audience and didn't say a word. He just smiled for 45 minutes like an idiot. He got a standing ovation.

After the show, the manager of the niteclub came backstage and told him: "I don't like your material, but I like you . . . You know something; after you stood up there for the first 35 minutes, I thought you were going to a flop."

The next night, the kid went on again. He opened with, "Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen," and then shut up like a clam and smiled his way through 45 minutes. Again, he got a standing ovation. Again, the manager came backstage after the show and pointing a finger at him, said: "You're through—I don't let anyone try out new material in my club."

We saw a TV show that was so bad, we couldn't wait for the commercials . . .

One Christmas Eve, a couple go into a plush restaurant and see a man eating alone. They feel so sorry for him, they take him out to dinner, a Broadway show, a niteclub and a furious tour of the city. Guy finally says: "Thank you for all this, but can I get back to my restaurant now—they need me."

"I'm worried about my wife."

"Why, what has she got?"

"My car."



## SPECIAL SECTION

TODAY, everyone has a coloring book. First, there was the Executive Coloring Book for executives. Then, there was the JFK Coloring Book for JFK. That one really caught on. It gave JFK something to do while Caroline was coloring the Medicare Bill. Naturally, the next one on the presses has got to be —

# THE KHRUSHCHEV COLORING BOOK

By Dee Caruso

Art by Jack Davis



This is a Russian Missile Base.  
I know it looks like a farm, Idiot.  
It's supposed to look like a farm.  
Our missile scientists disguised it to look like a farm.

Paint the cow brown. He is one of our missile scientists.



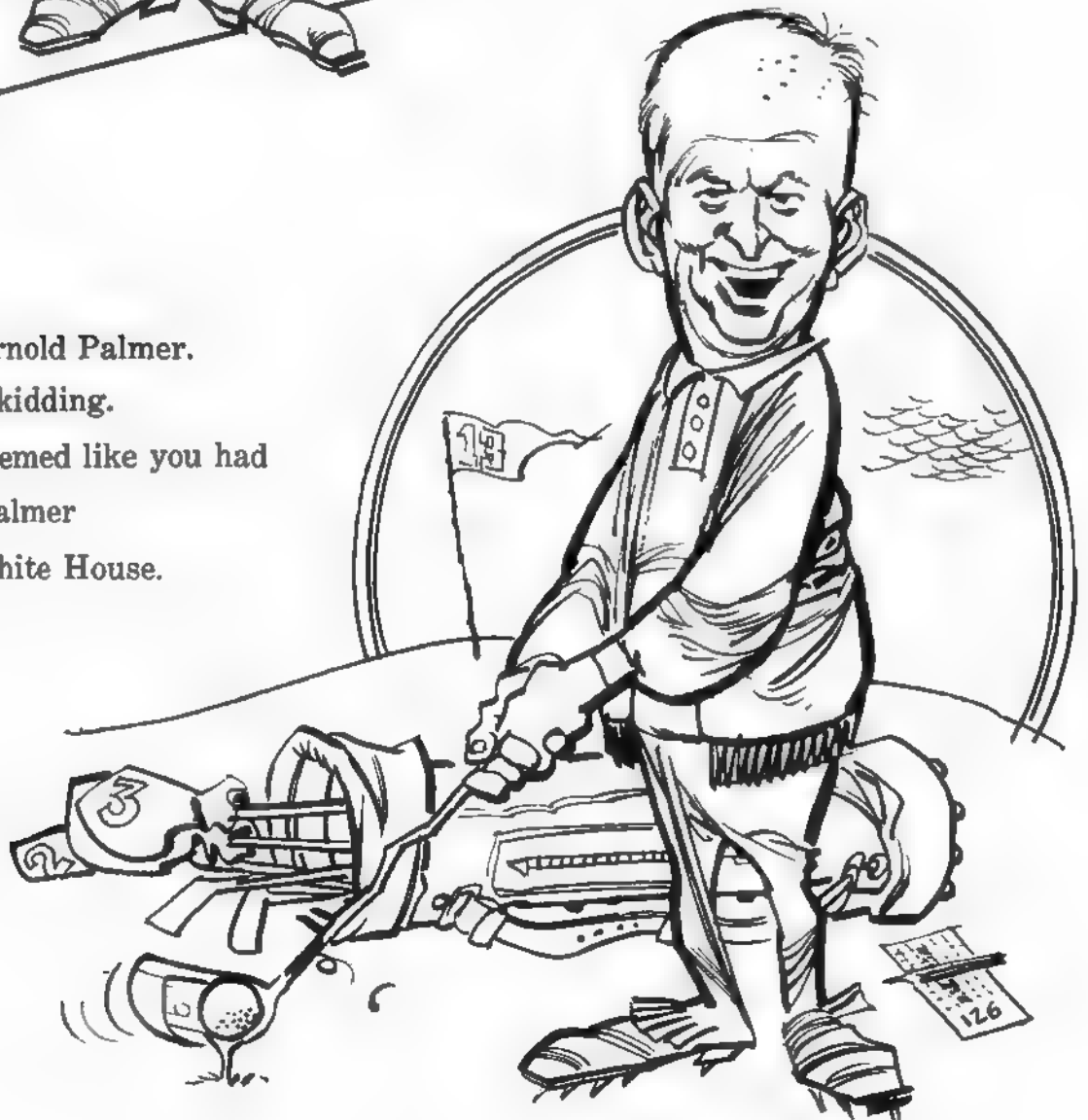
This is John F. Kennedy.  
Paint him purple with orange spots.  
He always talks of peace and world disarmament.  
Sure, he can talk! He has 150 nuclear submarines.





This is Governor Faubus  
of Arkansas.  
Paint him black.

This is Arnold Palmer.  
I'm only kidding.  
It only seemed like you had  
Arnold Palmer  
in the White House.





This is Red Spy,  
Dr. Robert Soblen.  
Paint him quickly.



This is Billy Sol Estes.  
You may paint stripes on him soon.  
He sold the same fertilizer over  
and over again.  
That's how WE do things.



This is my wife.  
Boy, is she fat.  
And people ask why  
I'm on the road so much.  
I've visited Albania six times  
already this year.  
And we're friends with Albania.  
My wife thinks  
I've got a broad in Albania.  
My wife may be fat,  
but she's not so dumb.

This is his wife.  
This is why HE never goes to Albania.



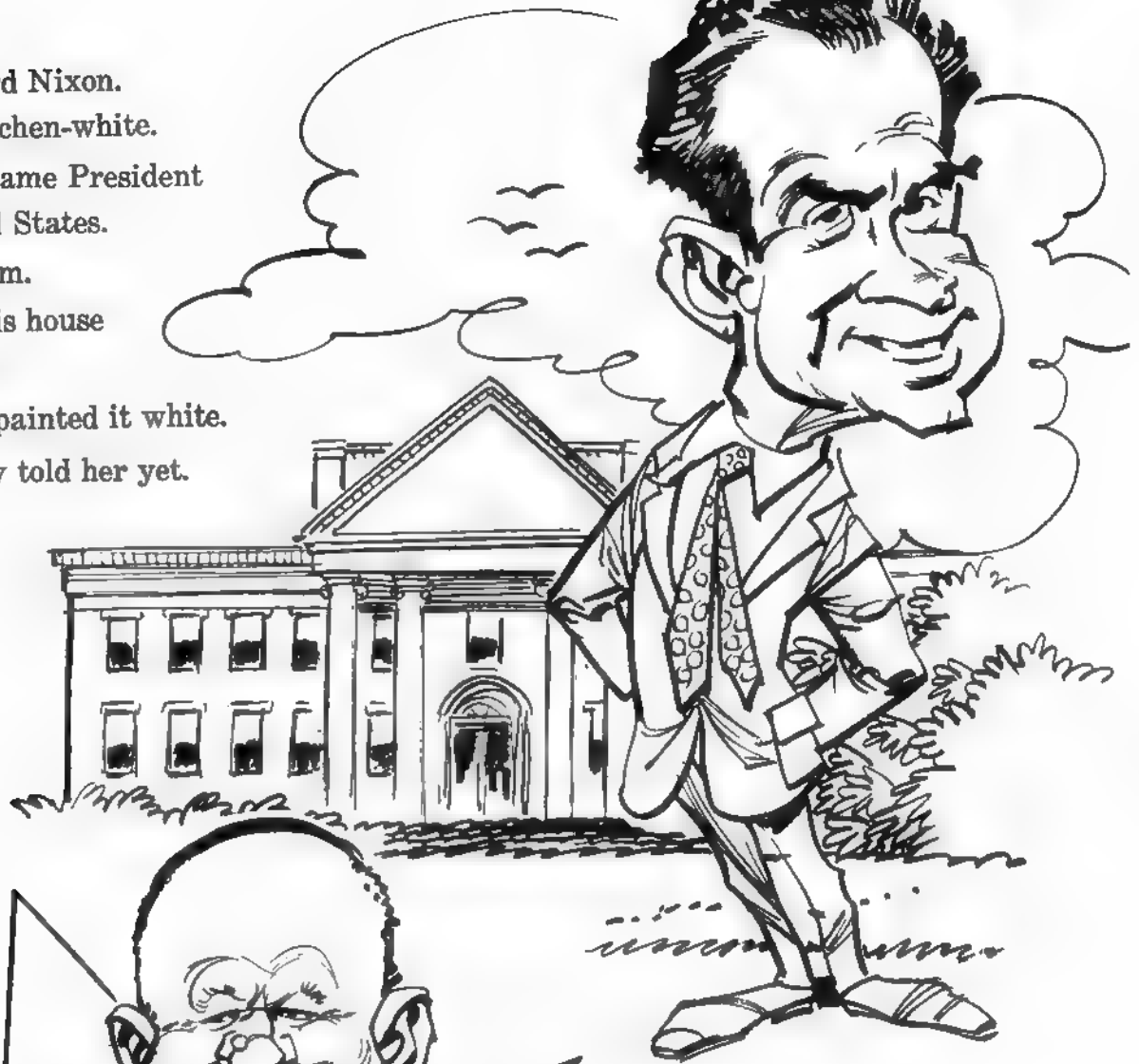




This is General Walker  
of the Birch Society.  
Paint him red.  
Paint the barn red.  
Paint the cow red.  
Paint the grass red.  
Paint the sky red.  
General Walker thinks  
everything around him is red.

This is Gary Powers.  
Cut him out and trade him for other cut-outs.

This is Richard Nixon.  
Paint him kitchen-white.  
He almost became President  
of the United States.  
I voted for him.  
He bought this house  
in California  
and his wife painted it white.  
Maybe nobody told her yet.



This is me.  
Do you think I look  
like Cary Grant?  
Color us alike.  
We're the same age.

# SECOND FEATURE

featuring  
Rowan  
and  
Martin



Perry Como and friends

Rowan and Martin  
doing the drunk

—MARTIN—

IN every issue SICK reviews a current feature motion picture. We said of "Ben Hur"—*"a good race picture"*...*"West Side Story"*—*"better than average travelogue,"* "Guns of Navarone"—*"good reports, but very loud in spots"*...*"The Alamo"*—*"needs a happy ending"*...*"Judgment at Nuremberg"*—*"not enough action"*...*"Advise and Consent"*—*"bright, lilting musical"*...*"One Eyed Jacks"*—*"a good race picture"*...*"The Mask"*—*"fair horror picture in which Vincent Price didn't appear — we don't think."*

WE have a movie review in this issue, but since double features are the big thing today, we are going to create our own second feature — how novel!... No, it's not from a novel, so don't be so quick to jump to conclusions. The next time you do that, we're going to rap you on the knuckles. Reminds us of the funny story of the guy who goes into the butcher shop and says to the butcher, *"Give me some knuckles."* And the butcher makes a fist and raps the guy in the mouth. The guy picks himself up from the floor and growls, *"Not for me — for my dog."* So the butcher raps his dog in the mouth.

SICK'S own movie stars Dan Rowan and Dick Martin, that wonderful comedy team of Rowan and Martin as they're known to the Los Angeles phone company. Dan Rowan is one of the best straight-men in the business. He is such a good straight-man, he was canoeing with a date when the canoe capsized — the girl yelled *"Help!"* and Dan said *"Help?"*

DAN is a ladies man. He recently dated a trio and now he's dating an all-girl choir. You talk about self-confidence. The job of the straight-man is to set up the comic or nut of the comedy team. George Burns, Bud Abbott, Dean Martin, Edgar Bergen are among the world's great straight-men.

DAN and Dick used to work a lot like Bergen and McCarthy, but Dick got too heavy for Dan's knee. The remarkable thing about the team is that when Dick talks, people say you can hardly see Dan's lips move. That's because Dan is a master at throwing his voice. He started doing this way back in high school where he used to throw basketball games.

DICK MARTIN is one of the country's funniest clowns. Dick explains his climb to fame this way: *"Before we got TV exposure, people used to say: 'I don't like Dick Martin, but I don't know why.' Now, after guest shots on the Como and Sullivan shows, people say: 'I don't like Dick Martin and I can tell you why.'"*

DICK has made many friends throughout the country in niteclubs and hotels with his portrayal of a drunk heckling Dan's interpretation of a Hollywood star doing Shakespeare.





**DICK** is married to singer Peggy Connelly and they have a lovely home in Studio City, California, where Dick drives up the driveway every night and shouts at Peggy, "Why can't you keep the kid's bike out of the driveway?" To which Peggy explains, "But, Dick, our baby doesn't have a bike." And Dick shouts, "Get him one and put it in the driveway. It's a conversation piece — it gives young married couples something to talk about when the husband gets home."

Actually, Dick and Peggy are the ideal married couple. Peggy is a talented and bright young wife, having majored in community property in college.

So much for our stars. We debated the title for our movie. First, we thought we'd call it, "The Rover Boys Return," but our editor objected to calling them the Rover Boys and to the words "return." So we changed the title to "The Return of the Rover Boys" and he bought that in a minute, which gives you some idea of what we're up against.

Armed with our catchy title "What We're Up Against," we had to decide on a locale for our picture. Since Rowan and Martin were both in Hollywood at the time and our camera crews and equipment were also in Hollywood, we decided the only practical thing to do was to shoot the picture in Grand Rapids, Michigan. Now, you may ask — "What's in Grand Rapids?" The answer — our picture. It also gives Dick a chance to get away from home where he has a driveway full of three-wheel bicycles. He can't wait until the driveway gets bigger so he can have two-wheelers.

Our picture, "Would Grand Rapids be so Grand if it wasn't so Rapid?" opens with the parting of the Red Sea by Robert Moses, who says the immortal words, "This would be a fine place for the New York World's Fair." In actual history, Moses was supposed to part the Red Sea a week earlier, but Mrs. Moses said it wasn't a nice day to go to the beach.

We don't dwell on Moses' feat in our picture because Moses was just a one-shot star. What else did he do? If he had followed the parting of the Red Sea by opening the Atlantic Ocean or even Lake Erie, he could have been a much bigger star. Moses had this one great achievement and that was it. And he didn't part the Red Sea too long. He just parted the waters; the Hebrews went through, and then he brought the waters together again.

*\*Footnote: Moses did do something else besides parting Red Sea; he brought the Ten Commandments to the world, but after all, how many people remember the Ten Commandments?*

Do you have the feeling we drifted away from our movie? Our picture opens when Dick and Dan discover salt water in the Grand Rapids. If there is salt water in Grand Rapids, they know this means that Lake Michigan must be an ocean. Therefore, Dick and Dan set out to make waves who have a training station in nearby Great Lakes.

We would give you a synopsis of the picture but it would be quicker to tell you the story. "Synopsis," by the way, is from the Greek — SYN meaning short and NOPSIS meaning story, thus, SYN-NOPSIS, or Short Greek. Some time we'll tell you why short Greeks always open restaurants with tall ceilings, but that's another nopsis.

Our film, "Sons of Navarone," opens in Greece. It's early Greece, about 8:30 A.M. We find our heroes working out in a gym.

**Dick is telling Dan about a new diet he has found that is all psychological.**

**DAN**  
*Does it make you lose weight?*

**DICK**  
*No, but it makes you glad you're fat.*

**DAN**  
*Lifting weights will give you muscles. You don't have to be the weakling on the beach anymore.*

**DICK**  
*I know. Now, I'm going to a pool.*

**DAN**  
*Weight-lifting will make you better able to defend yourself. Just remember one thing; The bigger the guy is, the bigger the beating he can give you.*



**Next, we establish our heroes as the outdoor type**

**DICK**  
*Say, Dan, I don't ever get the girls — you know, if I was in Phil Spitalny's Orchestra, I'd be dating the bus driver.*

**DAN**  
*Maybe your approach is wrong. When you take a girl into the woods, what happens?*

**DICK**  
*She lights a cigarette and right away it's springtime.*



*Come on, Dick, that's the ski slope.*

*I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole.*

## Keeping with the virile motif, Dick and Dan go bowling...

DAN

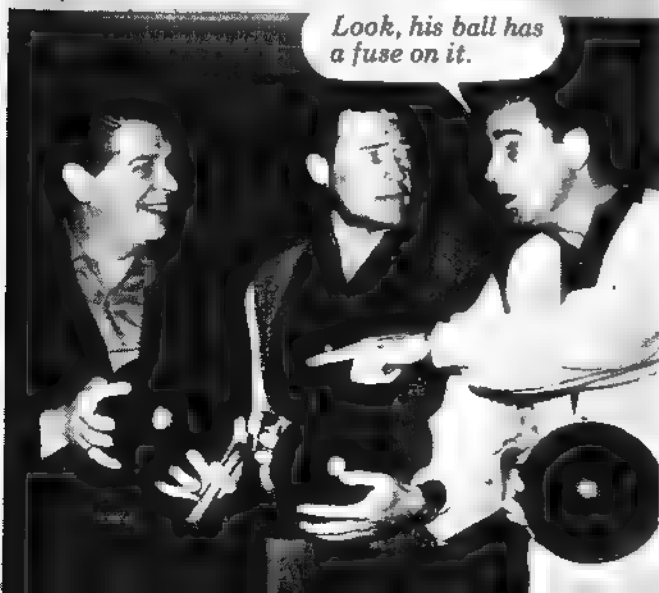
*Let me teach you. The first thing you have to learn about bowling is how to address the ball.*

DICK

*Hello there, ball, how are things in the alley?*



In the bowling alley scene, we introduce our first guest star, Milton Berle. Guest stars are used to liven up movies. Sometimes Hollywood goes overboard with this gimmick. We once saw a Tarzan movie in which Woody Herman and his entire 18-piece band were guest stars. To work them into the film believably, they had to be on a plane that was forced down in the jungle. After they did their number, the script writers were faced with the problem of how to get rid of them. They decided to



have them eaten by a wandering tribe of cannibals, who in the last reel turn out to be Lionel Hampton and his quintet in another musical guest spot.

Many people forgot this scene, but Johnny Weismuller never did. To this day when he sees a plane flying overhead in the jungle he says, "I guess Woody Herman is doing another guest shot."

Meanwhile, back in our film, "Tarzan at Rose-land," Dan is still teaching Dick the finer points of bowling.

DAN

*The object of the game is to knock down all the pins.*

DICK

*I did that, but a little kid keeps putting them back up.*

DAN

*That's the pinsetter.*

DICK

*I don't care what his name is — tell him to leave the pins alone.*

DAN

*Now, listen carefully. If you knock all the pins down with two balls, they call it a spare. If you knock all the pins down with one ball, they call it a strike. Can you remember that? All right, now when do you call a strike?*

DICK

*Not until Jimmy Hoffa pushes the button.*



Next, we show the boys' versatility by giving scenes of the various movie roles they can play —

### The Cowboy Epic



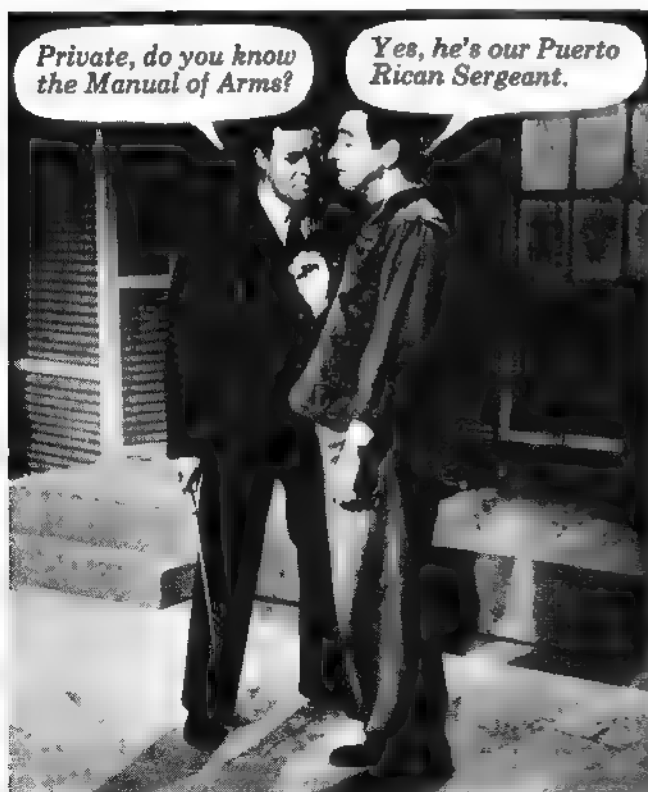
**JIM:**

*Tell me your name, Stranger, so after I shoot you, I can tell your mother.*

**DAN:**

*That's not necessary, Marshal, his mother knows his name.*

### The Army Movie



### The Musical Comedy



### The Costume Spectacle



**DAN**

*In this scene, we play the Three Musketeers.*

**JIM**

*Something tells me they should have gotten the Ritz Brothers.*

**DAN**

*They wanted to do it the hard way. You play a dual role.*

**DICK**

*Goodie, I love those dualing scenes.*

### The Private Detectives



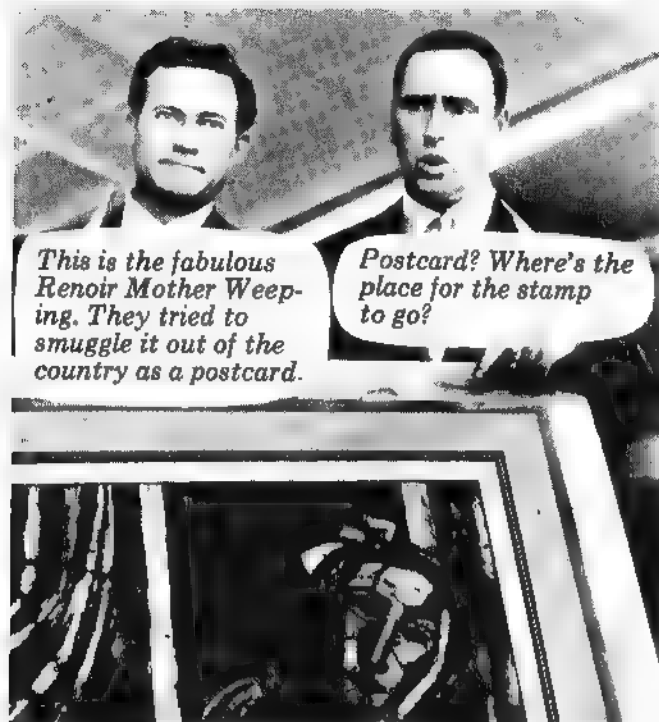
**JAM**

*Now, let me get this straight, Madam. Your husband is hanging from the chandelier, he has a knife in his back, four bullet holes in his chest and an arrow through his throat and you don't know what to do.*

**DICK**

*Tell her to put her husband on the phone.*

## Insurance Investigators

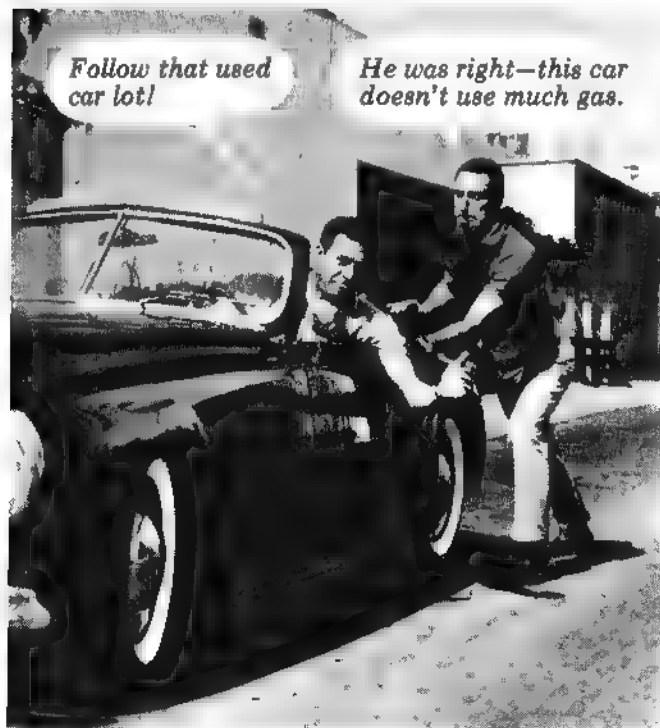


*This is the fabulous Renault Mother Weeping. They tried to smuggle it out of the country as a postcard.*

*Postcard? Where's the place for the stamp to go?*

Every picture ends with a chase. Our film, *"Two Men on a Benson Hodges"*, is no exception. Rowan and Martin are chasing the guy who sold them their sports car. They just discovered it's got a trunk space in front and back.

The used car dealer trades the sports car for a Volare, telling them they can have it for a song. He swears that it just came in 4th in the Indianapolis 500. What he didn't tell them was, the driver came in 7th.



*Follow that used car lot!*

*He was right—this car doesn't use much gas.*

Finally, they trade in the Volare for a German car—a Studebaker, and they have what they always wanted—a REAL compact car.

*How much money did you put in here?*

*I just put in my third penny and I still haven't gotten any gum.*



Our picture ends with a sigh of relief as Rowan and Martin look out at the sunset and ask "Should we grab the money and run to Brazil and live in Extradition? And Dick leaves us all with a final word:



**DICK**

*We shouldn't ask what Extradition can do for us, but rather what we can do for Extradition. And walking down the road of life, it is not so important what game you play but how many men are on base when the winning run is scored. Because we must get the forward who is high scorer with 32 points and that's just for the first quarter so you can imagine what he can do with a full moon. . . .*

**LUKE**

*I think there's something in that for everyone.*

**DICK**

*If they will only look and by looking seek, for it is far nobler to give before you receive and have time to exchange gifts. You can lead a horse to water, but if you can get him to build a toll bridge and run it for you—well, then. . . .*

And so we take our leave of Rowan and Martin as the luxury liner, Titantic, sinks in the Arctic Ocean and the crew of the iceberg chalks up another direct hit.



**T**HE nice thing about writing a magazine is that you can imagine anything you want to happen as an actual event. Things like epidemics, assassinations, global conflicts—wishing will make it so. Last issue we imagined a current interview with Adolph Hitler in Argentina. In subsequent issues we will have exclusive interviews with Joseph Stalin and John Wilkes Booth, but here and now, we let our fancy take flight with an exclusive interview of President Kennedy by his severest critic, Walter Winchell. The scene is the White House. The conversation goes something like this —

# WW talks to JFK

**WW:** Mr. President... First, I want to thank you for granting me this special audience — uh, interview.

**JFK:** Don't talk, Walter. Just kiss the ring and we'll begin.

**WW:** I'm glad its only the ring you made me kiss, Mr. President. What about the stock market? I've heard

it said that if the market gets any worse, you're going to run away to Brazil.

**JFK:** That's not true. I never said big business was in trouble—that was a lie circulated by newspapermen —my father told me about newspapermen, too.

**WW:** The Red Chinese are massing troops near Formosa—during your campaign you said Quemoy and Matzou were indefensible. Do you still believe that, or was it just a campaign promise?

**JFK:** I'm meeting with my top military advisers on the Formosan situation as soon as we pull them out of the pool. Ethel threw a little party last night...

**WW:** What about Teddy's race for the Senate? Don't you think Teddy's too young?

**JFK:** To do what?

**WW:** Now, that your farm bill has failed, where will Secretary Orville Freeman get the money for additional farm subsidies?

**JFK:** I told him to sell some of the grain tanks he's got in his garage.



WW: Your wife and you have brought culture to the White House. What did President Eisenhower bring to the White House?

JFK: A 24 handicap.



WW: Jackie has filled the White House with antiques, art and classical music.

JFK: Yes, it's nothing for me to go into Caroline's playroom and hear the strains of the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra—live.

WW: You've been accused of too much spending.

JFK: Why not? It's my money. Dad gave it to me.

WW: Bobby's wife, Ethel, fell into the White House pool. Is it true she's accident prone?

JFK: Well, they have eight children.

*photo caricatures  
by WEEGEE*

WW: The airline engineers are striking to keep the third man in the cockpit. What was Secretary Goldberg's recommendation to them?

JFK: He said the pilots will have to learn how to play two-handed pinochle.

WW: Are the talks going on?

JFK: They're not in conference now — They put the talks on automatic mediator.

WW: Billy Sol Estes owes farmers millions of dollars. Is he still doing business?

JFK: Yes — he is selling autograph pictures of Senator Yarborough, Lyndon Johnson and me.

WW: A lot of people are talking about those pictures.

JFK: Yea, everyone is asking "Who is Lyndon Johnson?"

WW: Did you know that right before his exposure, Billy Sol Estes made over 50 calls to Lyndon Johnson?

JFK: So, that's why I couldn't get him on the phone.



WW: Why did you side with the Supreme Court on their decision not to let schoolkids pray in school?

JFK: Because I don't like anybody going over my head.

WW: Do you think you've solved the unemployment problem?

JFK: In my family — yes.

WW: What do you think of nepotism in Washington?

JFK: I don't trust any wonder drugs.

WW: Your wife is an expert water skier. Why don't you try water skiing?

JFK: I'm sure some columnist would say I was trying to walk on the water.

WW: Mrs. Kennedy recently visited her sister in Italy. Does that mean closer relations with that country?

JFK: No, it means Mrs. Kennedy wanted to be closer to her relations in that country.

WW: I want to thank you, Mr. President, for granting me this interview.

JFK: But, Walter, don't you remember —YOU granted ME this interview.





## "PLACE THE FACE" CASH CONTEST

The idea of the contest is to name as many celebrities as you can identify from artist Leo Morrey's caricatures. The winner will receive \$50. and the five runners-up will get \$10 each. Prizes will be split in case of ties. Judges' decisions will be final. Contest closes November 18—we think!

Address entries to:  
SICK Magazine  
32 West 22 Street  
New York 10, N.Y.

ONE of the most famous jokes of all times makes a format for this issue's Place the Face contest. When it was printed in the original satire magazine, "Ballyhoo," the bathtub cartoon sold millions of copies. To show that good jokes never die, we're doing our version of it.

OUR readers can not imagine how much work and effort goes into making our contest honest. When we first made Joe Genalo our SICK contest editor, the first month's winner of our contest under Genalo's leadership was—"My son... who lives with me in North Bellmore, Long Island." If he hadn't given the address, maybe we wouldn't had gotten wise. After "My wife, my youngest son," and "my brother who's on relief" won subsequent contests, we explained to Genalo that the contest was not open to his relatives. The next month "My neighbor" was the winner.

Genalo had sent his son through school and now he wanted to start on his neighbor's kid's education.

FINALLY, one issue a guy from Fargo, North Dakota won. We sent him a letter making him swear he wasn't related to Genalo. The guy from Fargo wrote back that he wasn't related to any member of SICK's staff and included a P.S. "Ask Genalo if he still has his baby curls."

NOW, that Genalo has sent his kids through school, paid for his home, and bought a racing stable, we guarantee our contests will be honest. You may ask why we made Genalo Contest Editor. Let Joe tell it in his own words: "Two years ago I had an exploratory operation. They found lung trouble. I recovered from the lung trouble, but I'm still not fully recovered from the exploratory operation. I don't want to say my doctor was a butcher, but after the operation, he hung me up on a hook."

You see?

### DOUBLEHEADER CONTEST WINNERS

#### Contest A

Winner—  
Collene Michaels  
2434 East Washington Street  
Phoenix, Arizona

#### Runners-Up

Barbara Lawrence  
955 Lincoln Street  
Redding, California

Darla Lee  
1924½ East Buckeye  
Phoenix, Arizona

Barbara Bailly  
106 Hinckley St.  
Northampton, Mass.

Anna Damens  
220 Cooper Street  
Apt. 10  
Camden, N. J.

Hello, desk clerk? Is this or is this not a room with a private bath?



Joan Allen  
3407 Erie Ave.  
Cincinnati 8, Ohio

Louise Bell  
14 Central Ave. Room 419  
Lynn, Mass.

#### Winners of Contest B

Winner—

Louise Bell  
14 Central Ave.  
Room 419  
Lynn, Mass.

Mike Michael  
1039 South 19th Place  
Phoenix, Arizona

Richard Sabo  
1004 South Erie  
Massillon, Ohio

Dave Wilder  
818 Hagar St.  
LaCrosse, Wisconsin

Bette Gottwald  
1415 Mississippi St. NE  
Minneapolis 21, Minn.

Stanley Simmons  
45 East King St.  
South Zanesville, Ohio

Pete Span  
1924 East Henshaw  
Phoenix, Arizona

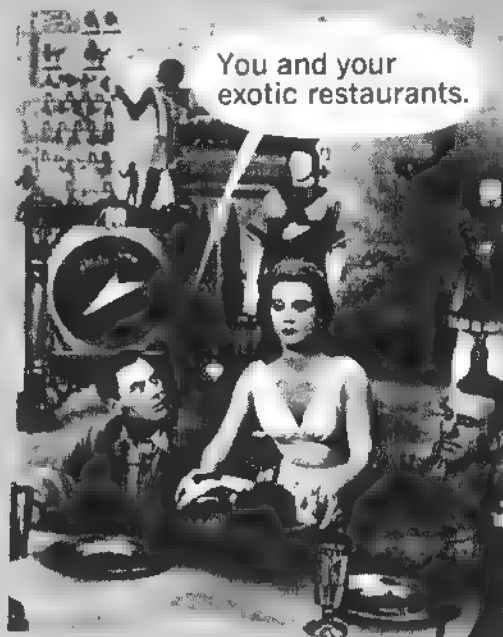
#### ANSWERS TO CONTEST A

1. Connie Stevens
2. Carol Haney
3. Anna Kashfi
4. Rosalind Russell
5. Hope Lange
6. Joan Crawford
7. Barrie Chase
8. Dorothy Provine
9. Nancy Sinatra
10. Debbie Reynolds
11. May Britt
12. Jane Powell
13. Annette Funicello
14. Natalie Wood
15. Ann Sothern
16. Evy Nurland
17. Marilyn Maxwell
18. Elizabeth Taylor
19. Connie Francis
20. Carol Lynley
21. Marilyn Monroe
22. Lana Turner
23. Dinah Shore
24. Diane Baxter

#### ANSWERS TO CONTEST B

1. Clint Eastwood
2. Eric Fleming
3. Chuck Connors
4. Joan Collins
5. Mickey Hargity
6. May Britt
7. Audrey Hepburn
8. George Hamilton
9. Bob Denver
10. Glenn Ford
11. Shirley McLaine
12. Joe E. Ross
13. Burt Lancaster
14. Bing Crosby
15. Yves Montand
16. Eddie Fisher
17. Broderick Crawford
18. Tuesday Weld
19. Ann Blythe
20. Yul Brynner
21. Robert Kennedy
22. Van Cliburn
23. Tony Martin
24. Xavier Cugat
25. Dorothy Provine
26. Gene Pitney
27. Dwight Eisenhower
28. David Niven
29. Elizabeth Taylor
30. Amanda Blake
31. James Arness
32. Susan Hayward
33. Fred Gwynne
34. Sophia Loren

You and your exotic restaurants.



Don't Move.





Wouldn't he be more in character if he took a stand on integration...like this SICK version, for instance

# THE REBEL

By Bill Majeski

Johnny Huma... Johnny Huma.  
They called him the Rebel:...  
He got bit in the nose by a puma,  
And you should hear that rebel yell.

When I started I was 6 feet tall. This rotten walking knocked me right down to 4 feet 8 in my stocking feet and that's no fun either. Say, going my way?

Who are you, stranger?

They call me the Rebel.

Aren't you a little short to be a rebel?

If you're going to talk movies, I'm leaving.

Johnny Huma, Johnny Huma, in Calif-or-nay Johnny Huma, he walked and walked all day. Johnny Huma, only one thing made him stop. 'Twas that bright September day when he was hit in the face with a mop.

Say, you're shapely. Are you the love interest?

Don't get any ideas. I've seen your type before—you're a man!

So far, so good. What's going on out here that's bad... something I can rebel against. I ain't happy unless I rebel.

Well, Mr. Robble is making the town a rubble and if you're a real rebel you can ribble Mr Robble and save the day.

How do I meet this Mr Robble?

Ask for the fat—test man in town

He's the only man who's ever been shot out from under a horse.

Johnny Huma. looking for a job.  
Johnny Huma.  
swallowed a whole corn cob  
Johnny Huma.  
some called him a slob.  
He's a rebel. a rebel...  
a corn-cob swallowing rebel  
And that's his weakness now.

Ah, that Norman Luboff  
shore do play good music.

Say, fat man, I'm  
looking for a job.

Well, a corn-cob  
swallowing slob  
is looking for  
a job.

Want to join the  
mob and steal  
and rob?

I'll drive your  
rebellious wagon for you.

Can you ride shotgun?

Okay, but I'm more  
used to a horse.



I'm elegant and  
inscrutable, also  
wealthy. We have  
piles of money and  
must go to Arizona.

What's  
your name?

Me Peiping Tom. This  
my wife, Yangtze Sal  
and this my nimble  
daughter, Groucho.  
We go to Arizona?

Cool it, coolie.



No take me and  
wife and sloe-  
eyed daughter  
to Arizona?

Her eyes don't  
look so slow to  
me. Besides, you  
can't ride *Fat  
Man Robble's  
Lines*. We don't  
carry Orientals.  
Back to the rice  
paddy, Chop-  
chop.

Johnny Huma, is my  
Johnny through?  
Oh, that rebel, what's  
he gonna do?  
Johnny's hungry, and  
feeling sad and blue,  
Johnny Huma, has  
to eat his shoe.

Nice music, eh?  
Sort of takes your  
mind off the lack of  
motivation.



We have money. You lead us to Arizona?

No, I'll stay here and wipe out Fat Man and his ilk.

Wipe out Fat Man, leave his silk alone.

Not silk, ilk... ilk...

You want milk?

Anything I can't stand is a deaf Chinese.

Well, we must go.

You going too?

Yes, little Groucho from land of rice paddies will be oolong gone with wise and venerable dadda and rock-ribbed mommy for colorful jaunt to land of tombstone.

Johnny Huma, sing a sad, sad song.  
Johnny Huma... as he strides alone.  
Johnny Yuma... sings a very sad, sad song.  
But that song is so very far from Wong.

Nice lament, maestro.

To speed things up, I'll tell you that Fat Man started out for the desert with his sidekick, Harley Sidekick and a big satchel. They had money on their minds, pops; dollar signs on the brains.

Don't just stand there—Call the American Civil Liberties Union. Fat Man and friend stole my money.

Okay, cool it. Boy, those extras...

Now wise guys, I'm going to use a little Oriental torture on you. You are so prejudiced and all that, that this should seem doubly ironical. Now that you're strapped down we're going to drop little Chinamen on your forehead. It'll drive you crazy.

Gotchee!

Shuckies!

Okay ... we  
give up.  
We'll tell you  
where the  
money is.

We've won a battle against  
bigotry, fought the good fight,  
upheld law and decency and all  
because of my being a rebel.

Confucious  
say ...

Oh, shut up.  
Cornball.

Later—  
I'm broke again and out of work,  
which is part of my nature. I  
wonder if you would give me a job,  
since you now own the stage coach?

Sorry, we don't hire Occidentals.

That's mighty white of you.

Johnny Yuma, off in the  
golden west.  
Johnny Yuma, he gets duller  
and duller.  
He's no longer a rebel, money  
did him in.  
He bought a new horse and  
they made him a boss ...

But he's a boss  
of a different color.



# It Had to Happen



This is Walter Winchell, your President, speaking. On the night of June 5th, 1936, in the city of Chicago, two men are planning the murder of the Chief of The Untouchables, Eliot Ness . . .

When is Eliot expected back?

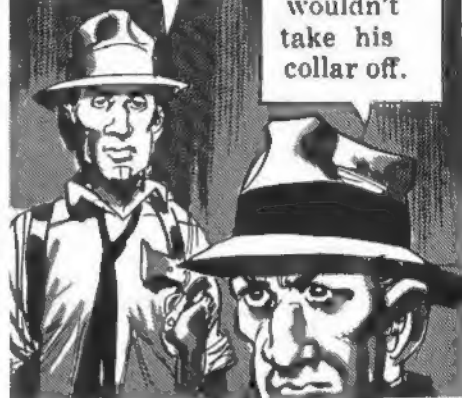
In the next five minutes. We'll let him have it when he opens the door.

You think we should do it, Rossi? What if they catch us?

They can't touch us. Why should Ness be the leader — we take the same risks?

He looks better in the suits.

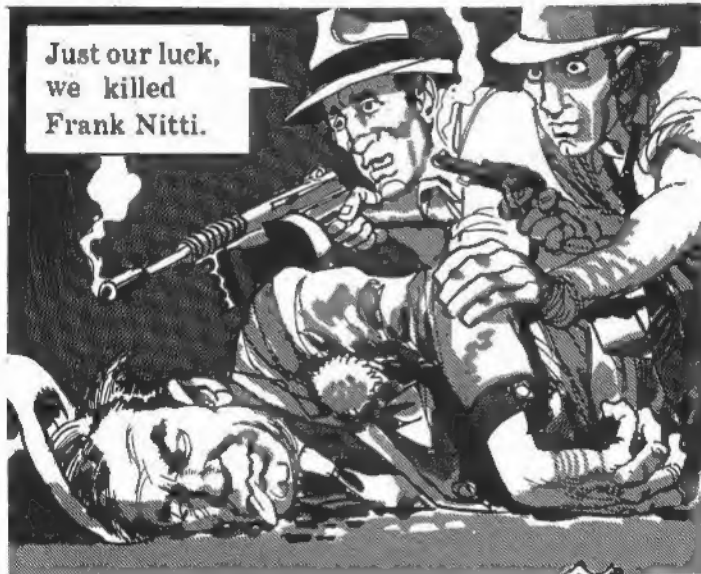
Last week I wanted to "hit" him, but he wouldn't take his collar off.



Here he comes—  
spray him.



Just our luck,  
we killed  
Frank Nitti.



And so, Frank Nitti, Al Capone's lieutenant, met his death at the hands of the Untouchables who killed him without warning and in cold blood. And for this brutal act they won the admiration and congratulations of the very man they had intended to kill—Eliot Ness.





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